THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

February, 1802.

WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

[With a Portrait.]

THIS elegant Poet of the present day was born at Chicester, in October 1745, being the son of Thomas Hayley (whose father was dean of Chichester), and Mary, daughter of Colonel Yates, representative in parliament for that city.

Young Hayley received the rudiments of education at Kingston school; a domestic tutor afterwards prepared him for Eton; and from Eton he entered at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. One of his earliest public productions, in the poetical way, was "An Ode on the Birth of the Prince of Wales," inserted in the Cambridge Collection. From the University he passed to Edinburgh, where he indulged in the delights of study.

In the year 1769 he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Reverend Thomas Ball, dean of Chichester; and, after a residence of some years in the Metropolis, in 1774 finally settled at Eartham in his native county, where he commenced his grand literary career.

In 1778 appeared his "Essay on Painting," which was followed by smaller poems. In 1780 he produced his "Essay on History;" and, if our author had not written

any other work, this alone would have been sufficient to have given him fame.

Encouraged by public approbation, however, Mr. Hayley, in 1781, quitted the didactic province, and charmed the gayer circles with that admirable mock-epic poem, "The Triumphs of Temper;" a Work which we warmly recommend to the perusal of the few of our Readers into whose hands we can suppose it has not already fallen.

In the following year, 1782, appeared his "Essay on Epic Poetry," a poem, which, if not the very best from his hand, is yet superior to any thing of the kind produced by any contemporary Writer. Two years after this, Mr. Hayley obliged the world with a volume of "Plays;" containing "Marcella," and "Lord Russell," tragedies; and "The Two Connoisseurs," "The Happy Prescription," and "The Mausoleum," comedies, *in rhyme*. In 1790 he added to his dramatic pieces, "Eudora," a tragedy, which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre; but, though most of his plays were actually performed, yet we must consider them as better suited to the closet than the stage.

Of Mr. Hayley's prose, the most distinguished production is, "A Philosophical, Historical, and Moral Essay on Old Maids," in three volumes; an entertaining Work, which discovers its Author to be an attentive observer of life, and to possess the talents which constitute an elegant moral painter. He has also produced a liberal and well-written "Life of Milton."

"With all this variety of talent," says a contemporary, "one of the greatest excellencies of Mr. Hayley is not yet sufficiently known to the public. His epistolary correspondence, of which we have seen several letters, is distinguished by an amenity of style, and an elegant playfulness of character. Extemporary effusions in verse are interspersed; and, should they ever be collected, they will, doubtless, add to his celebrity."

Before

Before we conclude, we may just remark, as a singularity, that, from the following lines of Mr. Hayley's, "To the Memory of his Mother," we learn that, early in life, this sensible writer and harmonious poet exhibited appearances of idiotism:

"Twas thine, with constant love thro' ling'ring years,
"To bathe an *idiot orphan** with thy tears;
"..... Thy child, from pow'rs above,
"Receiv'd the sense to feel and bless thy love."

Mr. Hayley is still living, and happy in ranking among his friends those who are most worthy of being friends to literature and to mankind.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XLIII.

AT this season of the year, when tradesmen are busied in making out their bills and settling their accounts, I am reminded by the circumstance to pay up my long arrears of correspondence; and by my punctuality, though late, to institute a claim to future *favours* from my *consulting* friends. As on former occasions, however, they must be satisfied with a brief reply; and in this I follow fashionable as well as legal example.

Dear Madam,

IT seems you sometimes *visits* public places, and, consequently, must know what respect is due to *we persons* of fashion; for I would have you to know, that my grandfather was an alderman of London, and, had he lived long enough, would undoubtedly have risen to be

* Mr. Hayley's father died during the son's infancy.

lord mayor, and rode in the state coach. But that is neither here nor there: he left a good fortune; and my father, his only son, retired to enjoy it at the sweet *villa*, in the *vicinity* of town, which grandfather had just purchased and ornamented before his death. I was, again, the only child of my father; and, though he and mother always kept the genteelest company,---nothing under a deputy or a common-councilman at least---they left me a good twenty thousand, which I have endeavoured not to diminish, and, at the same time, have always taken care not to disparage my family and breeding by any meanness. It is almost needless to say that I am not quite in my teens; but many old enough to be my mother are daily led to the *halter* of *Highman;* and, between you and I, that might have been my lot more than once, had I listened to the vile addresses of odious men: but, no!---I was not to be taken in by their flummery. I liked an independent fortune better than I liked them; unless I could have kept the one, and have had the other thrown into the bargain for nothing

Well, let that pass: the design of my writing to you is of a different nature: it is to take your advice, whether I ought to attend our assembly any longer; as it is, since these dear and *exhorbitant* times, frequented by a parcel of chits of farmers' daughters, and their wives also, who are so happily hit off in the following lines from a Poem, which I dote on, because it allows distinction to whom distinction is due.

"But, lo! she enters!"——

Now, you must know, dear Madam, that the author is speaking of a farmer's *dowdy* just entering a ball-room of polite people, like myself.

But, lo! she enters!----realms of gay delight,
Oh! spare her senses, nor o'erpow'r them quite;
The first in glitter, tho' the last in place,
In vain she strives to be the first in grace:
Affected, awkward, romping, and yet prim,
Lab'ring, she tries to catch the easy swim,

The

The step of breeding, and the port serene,
The educated air, and fashion'd mien;
The wond'rous magic, that, by sweet surprise,
From look, from motion, and from silence, rise;
The eloquence that wins without a sound,
And the soft charm in gentle manners found.
But, ah! 'twixt ladies born and newly made,
Less wide the line 'twixt buckram and brocade:
Tho' *this*, perchance, more stately may appear,
A goodly richness still attends the wear;
Its vulgar stiffness *that* awhile retains,
And nothing, soon, but flimsiness remains.

BREAD.

The concluding *simile* I felt in all its force the other evening; for I was dressed in a rich brocade, which had belonged to my grandmother, the alderman's lady; but which had been modernized by the best mantua-maker within ten miles of the sound of *Beau* bells. I was dressed in brocade, a beautiful dove or quaker colour, as I have just said; when Mrs. Hogflesh brushed behind me with such rudeness and force, as if she meant to jostle me, that she almost threw me on my face, and was herself driven to some distance by the concussion. On this, a navy officer ---a sweet man, after all, though a little given to swearing ---exclaimed ——" That three-decker has almost shivered the frigate's stern, and laid her on her beam-end! Hang it!---they were not rigged nor rated for exchanging broadsides!"——Mrs. Hogflesh, I must tell you, is very fat, and I am delicately genteel. Well; I recovered myself, and expected an immediate apology; but instead of that, though my friends all came up, and hoped that I was not hurt, the ill-bred fat thing retired to a corner where her gaudy, giddy daughters were seated, and had the impudence to set up a horse-laugh. I confess I was nettled at this; and, running up, flirted my fan in the face of the great unwieldy proud thing, and told her she ought to learn better manners before she came into polite company again; and said other tart things, which she tried to return, with her

cubs to back her. The master of the ceremonies for the night interposed, and I checked my resentment, after receiving an apology from the farmyard circle; but I really do not think of going again, unless such low-bred *wulgar* things are excluded by a rule of the assembly; or unless you think that I may still occasionally, to please myself, make my appearance where such creatures frequent, and yet save my honour and consequence.

M. DASHWORT.

☞ As Mrs. Dashwort (I beg her pardon, I mean Miss Dashwort) seems to value herself upon her money, and to assume rank in consequence of it, I really think that she ought not to be offended with Mrs. Hogflesh for doing the same. All the difference I can see between them, after the most dispassionate reading of Miss Dashwort's long and very *elegant* epistle, is, that my correspondent's family have enjoyed independence, originating from trade, for two generations; while Mrs. Hogflesh, perhaps, cannot boast of wealth of more than two years' standing, and this the produce of agriculture, which, at least, is as useful and as honourable as trade.

This delicately-genteel "Miss out of her teens" is not an atom nearer

"The educated air, and fashion'd mien,"

than Mrs. Hogflesh, or the lady-farmer described in the lines she has quoted; and she not only adds another proof to illustrate the truth of those verses, but justifies the Poet's remarks in what follows:

Yet happy vanity and kind self-love,
A tender couple! all they do, approve;
Conscious alone of merit and of charms,
Nor sneers abash, nor ridicule alarms;

And,

And, when the public laughter they provoke,
To serious praise they turn the taunting joke;
Or, should grave Wisdom hiss them as they go,
Still smooth in Flatt'ry's glass their follies show.
Blest mirror! which can thus, with magic pow'r,
Give the rank weed the fragrance of the flow'r;
And from deformities without, within,
Spots in the mind, or specks upon the skin,
Can all that's good, and all that's fair, reflect,
And change to beauty every dark defect.

My dear Old Lady,

I AM a young woman very fond of reading; and, living in the country, have very few amusements, except what I derive from books. Scarcely a male creature enters our house once in half a year; for my mother, I believe, is afraid that they should even look at me; and I do not think that I ever yet had a quarter of an hour's *tête-à-tête* with any man on earth, since I lost my father, except with our old footman Tom, who is so broken down with age and infirmities, that he is scarcely able to hobble from the kitchen to the parlour.

I mention this, my good Lady, to shew you the solitariness of my condition; and, by exciting your pity, to induce you to listen to my request. I have exhausted all the little stock of books I found in the house, which were the delight of my mother and my grandmother before her; and, when I talk of having a fresh supply, mamma constantly checks me, observing that I have had as many opportunities of mental improvement as she ever enjoyed; and sagely adds, that old books, like old songs, are generally the best. It may be so: but I am really tired of reading, over and over again, romances two or three hundred years old, and novels which formed a school of love for my granny. And, what adds to my misfortune, though I have a little money to spare, and a bookseller lives not more than twenty miles from our village, I really know not what to ask for, as I am never allowed to read a newspaper; and it is only of late that my mother condescended to

to take in your lucubrations. She had many struggles with herself, indeed, and long resisted my importunity to indulge me so far; because, she said, though you wrote under the signature of an Old Woman, she was not sure but you wore a beard; yet, both may be true, you know, dear Madam, if I may judge of you from my mamma.

But, not to trouble you with idle details, I believe in my conscience that you are a very good old creature, and ready to serve and instruct those who are young and unexperienced like myself. In full confidence, therefore, that my favourable opinion of you is just, I humbly beg that you will recommend some new books, novels especially, for my use, in order to enable me to get through the long winter evenings, not only with some degree of pleasure, but advantage. You know, of course, all the new and valuable publications, of which, I hear, there are more than can be read; and you cannot more essentially serve me than by indicating a few of the best of them to,

My dear Old Lady,

Your devoted admirer,

DEBORAH NEWLOVE.

☞ The Old Woman presents her respectful compliments to Miss Newlove, and thanks her for her good opinion, which she will study to deserve; but Miss Newlove will excuse her from recommending any particular books in this place, lest it should be supposed that she had any interest in their sale. She has, on several occasions, hinted at the line of study proper for young ladies to pursue; and this, she hopes, will be a sufficient general directory to those who have a mother to assist their particular enquiries. Novels she has never recommended to females; not because they *may* not be good, but because *most* of them are bad.

THE

THE BOND STREET LOUNGERS' WONDERFUL CURE.

DOCTOR D——, a country physician, lately paid a visit at an antient family seat in Wales: it was the abode of an old couple, whom he had attended for upwards of twenty years. They ranked more among his friends than his patients; for with air, exercise, temperance, and good constitutions, they had sunk into the vale of life almost unnoticed by its usual infirmities. It was, therefore, with some surprise that the Doctor found his old friends, at twelve o'clock of a burning day, seated opposite each other at the fireside, in their arm-chairs and night-caps, with dejected looks, and in mournful silence. By a sort of instinct peculiar to the sons of Galen, the Doctor immediately applied to the pulse for a solution. No pulses could be more regular.

"Dear me!——no bad news, I hope!"

"Ah! Doctor," exclaimed Mrs. B., "none can escape the infirmities of old age!"

"Well, Madam;---but, pray, what is the matter?" subjoined the Doctor.

"Oh! Doctor, we are both *deaf!*"

"Deaf!---impossible:---you seem to hear me perfectly."

"Yes," said Mrs. B., "we have a few intervals, and this is one of them; but, in general, we're so deaf, that we could not hear you speaking across the table."

"Indeed," interrupted Mr. B., "it was not for ourselves we sent for you, Doctor, but for our dear grandchildren, who are come down from London to see us. They are so fallen away, that they are ready to slip through their clothes; and, though their lungs, I fear, have been hurt by striving to make us hear them, yet their loudest speaking is to us only a faint, sickly whine.——Poor boys! You knew their mother, Doctor: she died of a consumption, this time seven years, at Tenby. Poor boys! they will soon follow her!"

"Ay,"

"Ay," added the old lady, weeping; "misfortunes never come alone! It was the very first day of their arrival our deafness came upon us."

At this instant the parlour-door opened, and in stalked two tall, raw-boned, meagre, but athletic fellows, in huge Austrian boots and trunk breeches. They took no notice of the company, but threw themselves upon an old settee with an air of sickness and lassitude.

"Ah! Doctor," exclaimed the old man, "there was once a limb for you [all this time, the elder of the two, in a reclining posture, was tipping his leg and thigh with a little crooked cane, which he had taken out of his pocket]! But, come; I must introduce you to your patients."

So saying, he arose, and, taking the Doctor by the hand, he brought him over to the settee; and, addressing the young gentlemen, said——

"My dear boys, this is our old friend, Doctor Dubb, whom you have so often heard us speak of."

The young gentlemen arose, with an air of indifference, and half-averted eyes; and in a whispering, consumptive tone of voice, both said, or seemed to say——"*Sa, I va ga see ya Plinin Ha, Sa* [Sir, I am very glad to see you at Plinlimmon Hall, Sir!] *!*"---The Doctor, who knew something of modern fashions, and smoked two Bond Street loungers of the first figure at the first glance, was a humorist, and answered the bucks in their own way——"*Gea, I va ma bidg to ya! vaa ma, inde* [Gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you! very much, indeed!] *!*"

The old man, who had been straining with outstretched neck and open mouth to catch a word, but in vain, this instant found his deafness return; and the old woman feeling a like visitation, they both hobbled away, leaving the Doctor to prescribe for poor little Bob and Charles.

In the conversation that ensued, the Doctor learned that Master Bob was nineteen and Master Charles eighteen years of age; and that they had come down from London to solicit the performance of their grandfather's promise to buy

buy them commissions in the Guards, to which the old gentleman had demurred, assigning the dangers and fatigues of a modern military life; but the fact was, that, in their apparently wretched state of health, he thought his money would be only thrown away.

This discovery suggested to the Doctor an immediate and infallible cure for the deafness of the old couple, and the consumptive habit of the two grandsons. He flew to the garden, where he found his old friends lamenting; and assured them that he would work a complete restoration of family health before he went away. The Doctor immediately wrote a prescription, leaving it to the old gentleman to be his own apothecary, and make it up: it was to take two purses, and, putting a sum of fifty guineas into each, to administer them in that state to the sick youths, with special directions to set off next morning for London, and purchase their commissions.

The old gentleman lost no time. The Doctor and the old lady followed him to the parlour, where the patients were still sitting, and where the old man administered the medicine strictly according to his directions.---The first touch of the purse operated like an electric shock upon the nerves of the impatient youths: the lightness of the purse soon awoke suspicion, and examination only confirmed their fears.

"*Da Sa, tha must be some mista in this* [Dear Sir, there must be some mistake in this]," observed the elder of the two. The younger whistled *Malbrook*---the old man stared ---the old lady and the Doctor were impatient for the operation of the cure.

"S'death, Sir!" exclaimed the elder of the two, after a short interval; "surely you do not mean to *quiz* us?"

These words, pronounced in an elevated tone, most distinctly and clearly, and with appropriate look and gesture, had the desired effect. The old man, who neither heard nor understood a part of the previous conversation, now heard the youth distinctly, and began to caper and sing

sing through the room: the old lady, also, found all her auricular faculties restored in full vigour; and both returned thanks to the Doctor for their speedy and effectual cure. The grandsons looked astonishment; but how great must have been their shame and confusion, when the old gentleman, with a stern countenance, thus addressed them:

"I have been the victim not of disease, but of my own credulity, and your folly. The money I have given you will suffice to bind you apprentices to a milliner. When you have learned to act, speak, and dress like *men*, come to me, and I shall purchase you commissions in whatever regiment you please!"

A HUMOROUS DECEPTION.

A COUNTRYMAN being in London, a friend of his there undertook to conduct him to every place that was remarkable and deserved observation. One day he told him that he would shew him Bedlam. It was accordingly agreed on; but, instead of that, he took him to the door of the House of Commons, telling him, that was the entrance into Bedlam. It happened just then that the House was breaking up; and the door being soon opened, the countryman, to his great astonishment, saw several of the members hastening towards it: upon that, he instantly had recourse to his heels, and ran as if it were for his life. Being stopped by some persons, who wondered at his running so fast——

"Oh!" exclaimed he, "for the L--d's sake don't stop me: yonder's Bedlam opened, and all the madmen are loose, and coming out!"

THE

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER;
OR, THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

A NOVEL.

CHAP. II.

The generous Soldier.

PASSING over the uninteresting pursuits of childhood, we arrive at the period of our hero's being sent to a public school, where he made such rapid progress in his studies, as to leave no doubt in the mind of Mr. Evelyn as to his abilities. It was now time to determine on the trade or profession in which he was to engage; but this was a point not easily adjusted in the mind of Francis. His breast glowing with gratitude to the generous protector of his youthful fortunes, he suppressed every appearance of that aspiring spirit which seemed to kindle with his growth, and ever flashed in his eyes at the perusal of an heroic tale; and, to avoid the imputation of upstart arrogance, he stifled the regret that filled his soul when importuned by his guardian to name his future pursuit.

The person of young Edwards was adorned with every captivating grace, and his manners were easy, dignified, and insinuating. Such qualifications could not but adorn any sphere in life; and Georgiana declared, that he "looked more like a nobleman than her young hair-brained cousin Lord Clatterton." But this was an assertion totally repugnant to the feelings of Mrs. Lucretia: she admitted, indeed, that the youth would be well enough, if her wise brother did not spoil him, for he was civil, obliging, and well-bred; but, as for making any comparison between him and the handsome Viscount, she thought it both ridiculous and indecorous.

"Besides," she added, superciliously, "you should please to recollect, Miss Georgiana Evelyn, that Viscount Clatterton is of your own blood, by your mother's side, which is nearly as antient as that of the Evelyns, who can trace their pedigree back through innumerable generations; and, notwithstanding you are by many years too young to think about marriage, it is expected that a family alliance may some day take place; therefore I beg that you will never again insult the manes of our noble ancestors, by comparing any of their descendants with a chimney-sweeper, whom my brother should have made his footboy, had he properly considered the dignity of his family."

"So, perhaps, he might, Madam," replied Georgiana, pouting, "had he known him to have been of low origin; but, how can we tell whether his pedigree is not as antient as our own? Besides, I wonder, aunt, that you have not more liberality of mind with *your* noble birth, than to call the poor lad by that odious name, when you know that you are the only one who dares to mention it!"

"Indeed, Miss, you grow very pert, methinks!---and I suppose that you imbibe your romantic notions from the novel you read the other day in my room, which that stupid girl brought me, instead of Mrs. More's Strictures."

"No, indeed, aunt," returned Georgiana, "I am not weak enough to suffer a fiction to mislead my senses; and I beg you to believe me, when I affirm, that I consider a few interesting incidents merely as an ingenious fabrication to lead the attention through the probable contingencies of life, to the contemplation of virtues that may be acquired, without suffering romantic enthusiasm to mislead my judgment, or dazzle my senses."

"Ah! you depend too much on your own understanding. The senses are misled sooner than you imagine; and you are a foolish, conceited girl."

Though this rebuke wounded the pride of Georgiana, it did not ruffle her temper: her respect and veneration of her

her father made her ever behave with modest deference towards his sister; and the infirmities of temper which she beheld in her made her rather more solicitous to regulate her own, by stifling every propensity to petulance, which disgusts in youth, and, when encouraged, renders age insupportable. Nor had she ever, in memory, transgressed so far as she had done in behalf of the innocent object of her aunt's acrimony: yet Georgiana had a spirit that would not crouch to injustice; while good sense ever enabled her to control it in such a manner, as evinced that, while she could stoop, she would not be trampled upon.

A few weeks passed away, and Francis came home from school; and Mr. Evelyn found, with infinite concern, that he did not enjoy a good state of health: he grew fast, and a consumptive habit seemed settling upon him. Georgiana was assiduous in her attentions, and it was with the most tender gratitude that he received them. His mind was not quite at ease: yet he stifled his internal struggles, and appeared tranquil and happy. Every hour seemed to bring to him some new perplexity; and the artless affection of Georgiana, readily perceived through the medium of sympathy, brought an additional pang to the agitated heart of Edwards.

The season of fashion brought the young Viscount to London, with a blooming countenance, an athletic person, a generous heart, cheerful temper, independent master of a capital fortune, and major in a regiment of foot, at twenty-four!——Such was Clatterton. He visited at Mr. Evelyn's with the familiarity which relationship inspired; and it was conjectured by some that he already regarded Miss Evelyn with a partial eye. When children, they had been constant companions, romped together, and seemed happy in the company of each other; but a few years had wrought more change in the manners of Georgiana than in those of her cousin. Though ever cheerful and gay, she was no longer the playful hoyden he had known her: a modest diffidence marked her deportment; and she had a

chaste dignified mien which never failed to keep presumption at a distance. While only sixteen, Georgiana possessed the happy talent of attracting esteem and admiration by her arch playfulness and sweetness of temper, and commanded respect by the propriety of her demeanour.

Francis was introduced to Lord Clatterton as an orphan whose merits, as well as misfortunes, entitled him to the favour he experienced from the family; and Mr. Evelyn, in the course of conversation, expressed his regret that his indifferent state of health retarded his determination with respect to his establishment.

"If his constitution is so weak," said Clatterton, "it will be death to the young man to chain him to a sedentary occupation. Put him under my wing: I can give him a pair of colours in my regiment; and, if he must die, he may as well march out of this world with an honourable passport; and I hope his billet will be signed for good quarters: but, perhaps, air and exercise may bring him about among us.——What think you, Edwards?"

The eyes of Francis glistened; and, bowing his thanks, he said——

"I am fully sensible of your Lordship's goodness, and should certainly prefer the army, did my birth and expectations justify the choice: as it is, I must remain content in a less distinguished sphere; and feel gratified by the reflection of becoming an useful member of society, less distinguished, though not less beneficial, to the commonwealth."

"What an absurd fellow!" returned Clatterton. "I tell you, that you are not fit for the board of a mechanic, or the desk of a scribe. Whatever your birth or expectation may be, the army is as good a profession as any for overlooking such considerations. Some proud puppies may strut in scarlet, and hold their heads high; but true soldiers are all brothers, share one common fare, one general danger; and, if a man acts with honour in fulfilling the

the duties of his station, a fig for other qualifications.---In the field, there have been many brave officers who had neither rank nor pedigree to boast [nay, aunty——no prim looks!]: there is courage amongst commoners as well as lords. As for money, I own that you will suffer some inconveniencies among us upon that account; but, if you will keep down false pride, and regulate your expenses within moderate bounds, your pay will serve you. I will give an eye to your promotion, and see that you are not played upon; for I have taken a fancy to you, 'pon my soul!"

The impulse of the moment was the general guide of Clatterton's conduct; but Mr. Evelyn, unwilling to avail himself of what he considered a momentary warmth, changed the conversation, by enquiring after his sister.

"Oh! the gipsy is as wild as ever!---she writes me such rattling letters!——Egad! she is witty, though---and exquisitely beautiful!"

"Your Lordship ever deals in superlatives," observed Mrs. Lucretia. "It is a pity, if the young lady is so witty and so beautiful, that she has not some more steady guardian to superintend her conduct."

"Oh! she could outwit the deepest;---but she is parlour-boarder at a respectable school; and there, I hope, she is safe. I wish she could cultivate your friendship, Miss Evelyn: you would find her a charming companion!"

Georgiana, who much wanted a young associate, was gratified by the proposal; and entreated the honour of Miss Clatterton's company the next vacation.

Mr. Evelyn, imagining that what had passed concerning the commission was merely the chat of the moment, thought no more of the subject, till again importuned by Clatterton, who now seemed so truly disposed to befriend Edwards, that he could not but lend an attentive ear to his persuasions. Upon a hint from Mr. Evelyn, Georgiana withdrew with Francis: the worthy man then explained to his nephew the exact particulars of Edwards's situation;

and, the warm zeal of the major overruling every objection, he was at length induced to accept his proffered favour for his young charge. Francis, meanwhile, had drawn the arm of Georgiana through his own, and led her round the small garden which belonged to the house.

"And, so, you really wish to leave us, and go into the army!" said Miss Evelyn.---"It is very ungrateful of you!"

Francis sighed.

"Sooner may I perish, than deserve the accusation of ingratitude!" returned he, passionately.——"Ah! Miss Evelyn, since I have been capable of reflection, my heart has cherished a sense of your kind benevolence too deep for my peace! I am overwhelmed with obligations I can never merit nor repay!"

"I am sure that you merit all the kindness we can shew you:---but this horrid ensigncy will take you away from us——perhaps abroad; and, then, all my father's cares will be thrown away. I hate Clatterton for proposing it."

"And I am oppressed by gratitude," returned Francis, "so much, that I am incapable of urging my wishes that way. I have, hitherto, been too happy in idle dependence; and, though I hardly dare to raise my expectations so high, I own, the least distinguished rank in the army would be to me a post of glory.——But, why this solicitude upon my account? Your generous concern for my destitute situation leads you to forget that we must no longer consider ourselves as companions. I have presumed too long already; and must now retire to that humble and respectful distance which my station in life requires, and consider it the most pleasing study of my life to make myself worthy of your friendship and patronage."

Georgiana playfully withdrew her arm from his, and, elevating her head with a significant look, replied——

"Had you taken the trouble, Sir, to raise your eyes from the gravel-path, I think you might have perceived that you were talking to Georgiana, instead of Mrs. Lucretia Evelyn; to whom that elaborate speech, replete with

humility

humility and veneration, must have been addressed.—— But, here comes the lady. I will leave you to repeat it, or invent a new one.——Now, down with your eyes again:" ---and away she ran, leaving Francis a little disconcerted by the exchange.

The prudent lady, fearing the consequences of a *tête-à-tête* at such a period, had hastened to interrupt it; and now, by her stateliness, petrified poor Edwards into a state of awkward inanity.

Mr. Evelyn, upon his return to the parlour, acquainted him of his acceptation of Clatterton's offer; and to him Francis expressed his most grateful thanks. He was to join the regiment in three days; and, in the interim, he accompanied Mr. Evelyn on a visit to his mother, though still in ignorance of her affinity to him. No change had taken place in the unfortunate maniac: she was still wild and incoherent; nor would Mr. Evelyn distress the susceptible mind of Francis, by revealing a secret that could serve no other end than that of depressing his spirits.

On the day of his departure, Edwards was presented by Mr. Evelyn with fifty pounds; by Mrs. Lucretia with a long lecture of wholesome advice; and from Georgiana he received a little memorandum book, in which was a lock of hair, a ten pound note, and these words written with a pencil:——

"I HAVE so long been accustomed to consider you as a brother, that I cannot, at once, resign all the privileges of a sister. Accept this little offering as a token of pure friendship. You know that I have some influence with my father: in any emergency, *for such may occur*, when you may not wish to consult him, apply to me; and depend upon my endeavour to serve you.

"GEORGIANA."

Francis would have refused the present, which he feared would inconvenience his kind friend; but she appeared so much

much hurt by a hint of the kind, that he was obliged to comply; and he departed with the blessing and good wishes of the whole family.

(To be continued.)

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. XI.

HOW precarious are all the vicissitudes of this life! All the proud arrangements of one day are scattered by the events of the next!---For the last week, all had been a scene of serious preparation for two important weddings; when an unexpected order arrived for Woolcomb to join his regiment at Winchester; and Miss Somerton generously complied with his request of being immediately united to him. Maria, though equally pressed, would not be hurried in an affair, which, to her imagination, was of too awful a nature to be entered on precipitately; and has absolutely refused to give her hand to Leonard an hour before the appointed period; and, to do her justice, she has a motive for her refusal which does honour to her sensibility.

On account of the sudden illness of Mrs. Stanley, Edward was obliged to be recalled from college, where he has had the good fortune to obtain the esteem and patronage of a nobleman of distinguished rank and worth. Edward returned upon the distressing mandate; but scarcely could I, at the first interview, recognize his person;---so pale, so care-worn, does he now appear. Yet, proudly struggling with his emotions, he welcomed me with a smile upon his lips, while a tear trembled in his eye; and, notwithstanding the evidence of our senses upon beholding him, persists in affirming that he is well, and happy.

Maria accidentally met him yesterday morning while strolling through the coppice with Somerton. He started, and

and seemed undetermined how to address her; but they were too close for either party to recede; and Maria spared him the pain of a long conflict, by accosting him, though in a tremulous tone, and enquiring after his mother. She had too much consideration for him to notice his altered looks; and the conference was but short: she returned, a little agitated, and somewhat thoughtful.

The tender, animated attentions of Leonard, however, soon roused her; and the prattle of Mrs. Chumney's little girl, whose company I had obtained with much difficulty, amused us highly. Leonard was greatly delighted with the child, who seemed equally pleased with the whole party; and, amidst our united efforts to divert our little visitor, the affecting incident of the morning seemed to be banished from recollection: yet it would be the height of cruelty to aggravate the sufferings of an amiable young man, by the celebration of nuptials, which, even with every possible palliation, I cannot yet bring myself to consider otherwise than as an unjust sacrifice of honour to inclination. Yet I try to conceal these scruples; and, since we have advanced thus far, will not attempt to recede.

In the evening our party was enlivened by the company of Clara and her lover; and a discovery took place, which caused a general laugh at the credulity of Maria. The wedding, which, without any dress or parade, was to take place on the following morning, becoming naturally the subject of conversation, Clara enquired of her brother, with an arch smile, if he thought the day a lucky one? or whether he had made any calculation on the occasion?

"What! is Somerton an astrologer?" asked Woolcomb, laughing.

"Only a wild one," replied she:--"a wandering gipsy, who foretels what he wishes, and afterwards contrives to make what he foretold come to pass."

Leonard laughed, but did not seem entirely pleased at his sister's elucidation of the trick he had practised.

Clara, not perceiving or imagining that he was displeased, then proceeded to inform us, that he had paid five shillings

lings for his disguise to an old gipsy who visited their kitchen; which she had since learned from her own maid, who had been, unknown to him, an ear-witness of the transaction.

"And is it possible that you could play upon my understanding by such a mean imposition?" asked Maria, rather angrily.

"Nay, my dear Maria," replied Leonard, taking her hand, "do not be too severe! It was but considered by me as a momentary frolic; and, forgive me for saying, had not you lent an attentive ear, I should not have carried my project farther."

Maria blushed.——"I am rightly punished," said she, "for my weakness, in imagining that a strolling vagabond could anticipate events known only to a Superior Wisdom. Henceforward, I shall be cautious how I yield to such superstitious folly."

Leonard now looked grave.——"Then, you deem the event a punishment. I am most severely chastised for my artifice by that rebuke!"

Maria sighed.——"I own that you suggested ideas to me by your pretended prognostications, which I should not otherwise have encouraged; yet, though I am firmly persuaded that deception rarely is productive of good, I hope, in the present case, the greatest evil we have to apprehend is the present little disagreement, which, if you please, we will now terminate."——She then extended her hand, which Leonard kissed with ecstacy.

When I took the child home, I was much concerned to find Mrs. Chumney labouring under increased indisposition. She informed me that she had received some news which greatly agitated her; but the particulars she reserved for the next interview; and I left her, with the promise of a speedy return.

In the morning, Mr. Somerton, with visible satisfaction, gave his daughter, at the village church, to Woolcomb; and Dr. Pompous, who performed the ceremony, received a jocose intimation from the old gentleman, that his services would

would soon be required again upon a similar occasion. About three hours after, the new-married pair set off in a post-chaise for Winchester.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE,

Related by Scrofani, a Sicilian, who has lately published his Travels through Greece.

HELEN Mattaranga, aged twenty years, lately witnessed the decease of a young man of her village, whom she had loved. She was to have married him; but her parents, from interested motives, had compelled her to marry another. The night after his interment, Helen saw the phantom of her lover standing in silence at the foot of her bed. It appeared to her on the second and third nights immediately following. She at first imagined that her lover's soul was in purgatory, and that it came to demand relief of her; in consequence of which, she caused two masses to be said, distributed bread and money to the poor, and sent an offering of a fine fat sheep to the convent of Panagia. The spectre continued not the less its regular appearance; on the contrary, it afterwards appeared as she began to sleep. How, then, was she to be delivered? Superstition furnished the means, and here they are.

One night, when her husband was at a neighbouring village, she arose, took with her a hammer and nails, went barefooted to the burying-ground, took the body of her lover out of the earth, and, notwithstanding the fetid odour and the corruption which it exhaled, she embraced it repeatedly, bathed it with her tears, and then drove four large nails through the feet and hands. Having thus fastened it to the earth, she returned home, passed the remainder of the night in tranquility, and from that time the spectre discontinued its visits.

What an unheard of mixture of courage, superstition, and love! Picture to yourself this young girl, in the middle of the night, terrified at the sight of the phantom; behold

behold her leaving her home, approaching the tomb of her lover, feeling round it, recognizing his body, uncovering it, suffering the almost insupportable odour, embracing it!---outraging it!---What agitated feelings! what chilling perspirations! How much the fear of being surprised must perturb her soul, and freeze her senses! Yet this woman, whose sensibility in antient times would have been celebrated on the theatres of Greece, was on the point of being punished with the utmost severity. Helen confided her secret to a friend, and this friend to the relations of the deceased, who failed not to make their remonstrances; and, according to an antient law, to demand the death of her who had dared to outrage a dead body. The overseer, Bembo, proved an advocate and protector to this young girl, and suppressed the affair. Without doubt he was worthy of commanding, for he knew the value of sensibility.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

AN admirer of female delicacy presumes, in point of dress, that naked elbows being exhibited are highly disgusting; but more particularly, that skinny or scraggy elbows, as also tumid or brawny elbows, being displayed, are most detestable objects. He is even still more sensible of the folly of fashion, in observing, as repugnant to Nature, the flowing ornamental hair being worn inverted, and allusively frizzled over that prominent feature, the forehead. It cannot but be supposed, at all events, he is induced, from professional experience, to advise, with becoming deference, the fashionable females of every description, while winter is in its rigour, to lengthen the sleeves of their chemises, as also to add cuffs to the sleeves of their gowns; lest their naked elbows, being exposed to the inclemency of the weather, should occasion that very incommodious complaint---a lumbago---which could not fail, most sensibly, to interrupt their pleasurable enjoyments.

A PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN.

THE

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. XVII.

Vidi crudeles dantem Salmonea pœnas,
Dum flammas Jovis & sonitus imitatur Olympi.

VIRGIL.

THE soporific virtues of the——the——I've forgot the title---made a strong impression on the nerves: yawning fatigue sate slumbering on my eyelids, and seemed tacitly to bid me cease wandering in the labyrinths of a tumultuous chaos, and enjoy the renovating balm of sleep. I leaned back in my chair, and surrendered the wearied fancy to the restorative powers of the drowsy god.

I dreamed, that, having wandered several hours in the intricate windings of a forest, without finding a path which led to its confines, fatigued and weary, I reclined my head on a bank of daisies, beneath which the soft murmurs of a rivulet were distinctly heard, and, at a distance, might be perceived to play in a natural cascade: I fell asleep.--- When the pale twilight made its appearance, the blackbird came forth to trill his matins to the light: his notes broke my slumber, and I arose. Walking a little toward the east, in pensive contemplation on the means of escape, I was surprised by a voice of terror, crying——"Alas! alas!--- Ah! the dreadful conflagration!"

On lookipg toward the place whence the voice proceeded, I beheld a lady ready to faint, and in the bitterest agony of soul; and, farther distant, a towering column of smoke, which shewed itself above the tall eminences of the forest oaks. I approached, offered her consolation, and enquired the cause of her grief. She was silent, and only spoke in the eloquence of tears, which ran in profusion down her pallid cheek. She gave me a look of distraction, led me by the hand toward the mountains, and then disappeared.

Almost torpid with astonishment at what this could mean, I waited with impatience till sun-rise, determined, if possible, to investigate the matter, and procure retributive justice to be done. At length the "meek-eyed Morn, mother of dews," appeared; the Sun shot forth his orient beams from behind the cloud-capt cedars of the mountains, and tinged with radiant azure and purple the half-enlightened atmosphere. All Nature seemed to smile, replete with joy; the delicious herbage unbent their tender foliage, and, unfolded, breathed those aromatic gales, those sweet perfumes, which Flora sports as incense to the Sun; when a female form, arrayed in the simple vestments of virtue, and with the majesty of a being descended from the skies, joined my company. Her eyes beamed serenely bright, and her countenance glowed with celestial fire.

"Why look you so pale and dejected?---and whence this perturbed state of mind?" said the fair angel.

Expression died on my faltering lips, and grief denied utterance to my words. I pointed to the wood whence I had come, and trembled.

"Banish your fears, nor weep for another's woe," said she: "I will be your guide. Attend, and pay attention to what you see. On the western side of this forest stands the throne of Justice; a little to the right stands the monument of Fame, erected some thousand years ago; on the left is the cave of Oblivion."——A trumpet sounded.

"Hark!" said the goddess. "Justice has, this moment, ascended her throne: come, and witness her decisions."

"Oh! goddess, may I beseech you——!"

"Why are you afraid?" said she, smiling. "Were you terrified with the hollow shrieks of her who conducted you hither? Foolish being!---'twas but the Genius of Despair, weeping for her own, because they are not!——She led you to the farther side of the forest, that you might not witness, to her, so dreadful a spectacle; but I will conduct you

you thither.——My name is *Truth;* and with the goddess Justice I am familiar: to her I will introduce you."

My fears vanished in a moment. Pleased with my celestial companion, hand in hand we tripped the glade. I felt my nerves thrill with an ardour heretofore unknown, and appeared as disembodied from the dust. Alive to every sensation of joy, I listened with rapture to the heavenly music of her voice.

"Look back," said she, as if envying my happiness, "and tell me what you behold."

"I perceive," said I, "the surface of an immense ocean, "but much unlike that to which I have been accustomed. What mountainous billows rage on its surface!"---But now, I perceived a stupendous mountain, whose tall sides seemed to defy the violence of the tempest, and mock the insult of a raging sea; when, lo! a small wave of inconsiderable magnitude rushed impetuously against the base of the shaggy eminence, and shivered it to atoms:--- it fell into the wide-yawning gulph of the insatiate ocean! The chasm closed upon it, and the victor wave extended its basis to an immense extent, and reared its head much higher than the vanquished foe. Again:---In the midst of this seeming ocean are rocks, shelves, sands, and whirlpools, which are ever changing places.----"And---ah! dreadful scene!---see, see, yonder bark, and every soul on board, ingulphed in the merciless deep!——see on the topmast a poor, poor boy, seeking to elude a watery grave! He waves his cap---a signal of distress: another wave will force him to relinquish every hold. He must! ——behold he falls!——he is no more!"

"Turn thine eye," said the goddess, "from that pictured scene of woe and misery. Does thy fortitude forsake thee?---and art thou distressed above measure, at seeing the vicissitudes of life in a vision? Didst not thou perceive a striking analogy between the scenes of that ideal tempest and those of the world?"

"No! no!" said I, faltering: "these are far, very far, beyond!"

"That ocean," resumed the goddess, "which thou sawest is human life; the stupendous mountain is unjust popularity; and the small wave which attacked it so formidably is merit, which, from a mere *iota*, is become a mountain, whose summit reaches Heaven: its base is indefinite, and duration eternal. The rocks are the hoarded funds of misers, and the paltry thousands of ill-gotten gold; the shelves and sands are the dangers and difficulties we have to pass through in the way to glory; and the whirlpools are the routine of youthful indiscretions. The bark which thou sawest is an Utopian dream; 'twas only yesterday she sailed from the port of Hope——to-day, see her wrecked on the shore of Disappointment, and ingulphed in the abyss of Fate——not a plank, nor an oar, remaining. The boy just expiring was the only child of an opulent merchant: his father brought him early into life, and, as an inducement to vigilance and activity, entrusted him with a portion of his concerns: but affluence is the bane of youthful happiness. He soon became licentious; and, leagued with the *bon vivant* heroes of the turf and gaming-table, remonstrance was in vain: at length, impending ruin forced itself upon his recollection——he perceived it. He called aloud, in the moment of despair, to his bottle companions; but there were none to save.---Then mark his ruin, and be wise."

I was now gazing with some degree of curiosity on the forest, from which we had departed, on the left.

"That forest," continued the goddess, who anticipated my curiosity, "is called the wilderness of Folly; and the paths therein are the mazes of Error.——Look towards the right, and tell me what thou seest."

"I see a Temple, of a circular form, erected upon the eminence of a mountain; I behold, also, a vast concourse of people around it, who are, seemingly, enjoying a state of the greatest happiness and tranquility; but I cannot conceive

ceive how they have come there, as the mountain seems, in all places, inaccessible by the steepness of its acclivity, and the brambles and thorns which cover its surface."

"That is my Temple; the way is in all parts rugged and difficult; and, as there is the shadow of it reflected in the midst of the forest on our left, which rears its head superior to the trees, inconsiderate youth and indolent old age take the paths which lead to the phantom. The walks are soft---they suit the wishes of the effeminate: the fragrance of roses perfume the air, and the warbling of the syren nightingale invites their progress.---Vain, deluded mortals, not to know that Truth has not more than one Temple!---No sooner are they entered, than the way which leads toward the imaginary Temple divides into a thousand turnings; in whichever you proceed, the extremity of it seems tending towards the point of your destination. Lost and bewildered, the travellers wander to the right and left, without progress, without hope; and, weary with disappointment, lay them down to seek that repose, which a mind lulled asleep in the dominions of Error enjoys;---'twas there you were found."

I was silent.——We now drew near the Throne of Justice: the goddess was seated; her aspect was at once awful, noble, and venerable, exciting in every spectator a different emotion. On the right of the Throne was placed an immense pile of books consigned to oblivion, which a fiery elf, named Tysiphone, cast indiscriminately into the flames. As we approached, a large heap, consisting of some hundred volumes, had just received their doom to mingle with the rest of those condemned. Curiosity prompted me to seize a volume.——The mystery was now unveiled: opposite the title was written with the iron pen of Fate---BE THE ADVOCATES OF IRRELIGION AND INFIDELITY FOR EVER FORGOTTEN.——I awoke.

London, December 1801.

THE PUPIL.

NO. I.

Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labia.

Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd excels their own.

SIR J. DENHAM.

AUDENTES fortuna juvat is a sentence of antiquity, and necessarily important to those who adventure in any new career; indeed, were it not for the stimulus which this and such like maxims afford, we should be oppressed with *ennui*, and the dormant energy of the mind would sleep in its own confines; many ideas which now weave the laurels round an author's brow, would never have transpired beyond the generic medium, but have rested pent up in the impregnable fortress of unessayed Fear. Indeed, when I sate down with a determination to write this Paper, I felt all "tremblingly alive:" my visionary fancy imaged a whole army of critics ranged in close battalion round the frontiers of my timid imagination; and I felt, with truth, that a good appearance must be a perpetual letter of recommendation. I considered (not a little) what would be the best means of ingratiating myself with those who should do me the honour of a perusal, and to ascertain the line which divides the boundaries of boldness and fear, presumption and a too diffident modesty. Conscious of not possessing first-rate abilities, yet, perhaps, in some measure, approaching to mediocrity, I wished not to deceive by any false pretensions, nor yet entirely relinquish the hope of pleasing.

It frequently happens that an author thinks differently from all others; if he gives himself the trouble to write, he imagines he has a claim to be read; while, on the other hand, the public are, perhaps, too severe in determining upon the *quo modo*, and restricting the wild fancy of

of the author to the narrow limits of "hither shalt thou go, and no further." This, I, as an author, must beg leave to state as bordering upon ill-nature, unless the whole world of readers will resolve themselves into a committee, and determine what shall, and what shall not, be in vogue: then, if an author cannot comply with the public taste in every *iota*, peace to his shade!---let him be silent. But, until such a court is established, authors will think themselves justifiable in ushering to public view what they think interesting to be known; and, in the hope of a crown of bays, risk the chance of a wreath of cypress.

Frequently a title, a motto, a first address, ensures the fate of a work; for, being endued with the principle of pleasure, when that is consulted and gratified, we generally sacrifice a portion of our judgment to the faculties of delight. How, then, it must fare with me, I know not: my *debût* may not be made, perhaps, in a style to ensure approbation; nay, I even doubt whether some will not be for turning my own weapons upon me; and say, that, if I am a Pupil, I cannot be a judge, and that I have no right to obtrude my opinions upon the public; while others, again, may censure me for the motto being in Latin, and say, it ought to have been in *Greek*, *Hebrew*, *Italian*, *German*, *Spanish*, &c., or in any language, save the one which I have chosen; nay, even a cousin German, now at my elbow, assures me that it would be most sonorous in *Erse*, and wonders how it has happened that I did not give *it* the preference.

Reflect now, a moment, ye arbiters of literary life and death: is it probable that a youth, born far, very far, from the benign influence of academical and university education, should be master of so many tongues?——Alas! in the solitary recesses of the wolds of Yorkshire, we have not the means, even if we had money, to prosecute such designs. The Pupil, it is true, knows that the names of French, Italian, Spanish, &c., are attached to certain forms of speech different from the English; but that is all

all the acquaintance he pretends to have in those high-sounding languages. Then be not ready to censure him for not telling you in fashionable French that our brightest prospects may be clouded by unexpected accidents. If he bring his little all, and lay it at your feet, receive it, I beseech you, as his all; nor, finally, condemn him for wanting the elegance, the correctness, or learning, of an Addison, a Swift, or a Johnson; rather step forward with a fostering smile, and bid him live in your graces.——Oh! then, he'll tell you how his heart expands with the idea of pleasing; that the smile of approbation supersedes the invocation of a Muse, and bears him on through every difficulty: he will tell you, that the extraneous appendages of his brother authors in thin purling streams, silvery sheets of water, groves, grottoes, or cascades, to adorn their pages, are with him unnecessary. The sunny bank, or the sleeping moonshine on the mossy hillock; the exquisite melody of warbling Philomel, or the cyprean melancholy of a lover to an inconstant mistress; themes so perpetually chosen to supply the defects of an infertile imagination, will never be invoked by him. He can perpetually recur to that shadowy canopy of your suffrage and protection, which inspires far better than a Muse; he will first touch on the primary resulting benefits, and then pass on through the infinite gradation of subordinary connexions and dependencies: these, again, imaging a wild variety of sentiments, cannot fail of producing something out of the common road of authorship. His pen would imperceptibly glide from the Circean style of panegyric to the true discrimination of actions in their proper lights and shades; and all the various eccentricities of freakish Passion, the judgments and opinions of men; and exhibit that pleasing phenomenon, the microcosm of man, in a just and impartial medium.——*Speculum Vitæ* will be the motto of the Pupil, and his engagement with a generous public.

Listen,

Listen, then, ye crowned heads of wit; and, if you can take advice of an inferior, give ear. Contemn not the small things of this life: the tall oak of the forest owes its being to a little acorn. Protect, then, the young, the weak, the old, and the infirm, who exert themselves for your service. The Pupil does not profess to assume the office of dictator: he will tell you what he hears and sees, with a short comment upon it, and leave it for your consideration; and as life, in its various stages, orders, and modifications, from the peasant to the prince, the slave to the free man, will be the several objects of his animadversions, he will endeavour

> ——— To shoot folly as it flies,
> And catch the manners living as they rise;
>
> POPE.

exhibiting (sometimes, perhaps, in a new point of view) an outline of our habits, practises, and prevailing prejudices, even to the mountain cottager; plebeians, princes, and kings, appear not with that great disparity in which they are sometimes contemplated; but as they are in themselves, as men, as members of society; but let not this be construed as paving the way for a satire on the higher orders of society, or militating against any rank or body of people: neither offices, nor persons who fill them, will be censured. He will not condemn the man, but his darling vice; and, if possible, replace the vacuity with the opposite virtue; for it will be his highest wish to enkindle that sacred flame in the bosom of every individual. If, however, he should be so unfortunate as to incur displeasure, and be denied the privilege of paying his devoirs to the public, he will retire to that secret oblivion from whence the beams of Hope have drawn him with this comfortable reflection——*Il n'y a bon cheval qui ne bronche!*

THE

THE PASSIONS.

NO. I.

The Ruling Passion, be it what it will,
The Ruling Passion conquers Reason still.

POPE.

EVERY new adventure is fraught with difficulties peculiar to itself, and the writer of a periodical paper labours under peculiar disadvantages. An author in the lower regions of literature cannot be supposed equal to the task of concentrating a great variety of ideas in the space of a single paper, like the author of the Spectator or the Rambler. Hence it would be too severe to condemn all to whom Nature has denied those superior abilities, for not rising to such a standard of perfection. Consider how many ages were taken to produce an Homer! What a long series of lustrums rolled in the abyss of Time, before Virgil shone in his meridian splendor! Men surpassing all others are not the every-day productions of Nature; she forms them in the hey-day of a jubilee, as a present to the gods——

Three Poets in three distant ages born.

Be not too severe, then, ye envious, &c., critics, nor compare our humble productions with works far transcending, perhaps, your own understanding: if we must be compared, let it be to something heterogeneous——your own works!

Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.

ROSCOMMON.

"Instead of being critics on others, let us employ our criticism upon ourselves," is an almost unanswerable charge against all those who presume to pass sentence on the works

works of others; and, as Lord Shaftesbury observes, in his Advice to an Author, there is something very unpleasant in the common mode of giving and receiving advice, that put the parties in the situations of tutor and pupil, which, by conveying the idea of a subordinate condescension, undoes every good impression which we might hope to result therefrom: he, therefore, proposes experiments to be made upon that tender patient---OURSELVES. This is, indeed, necessary; for, as the *Abbé de Bellegarde* observes, very shrewdly---"We are interested to know ourselves and others, yet the impossibility of knowing either seems to be unknown to all."---This is very true: there are recesses in the human soul which are impervious to "mortal ken," and the scrutinizing eye of Reason; there is a latent reservoir which contains that fair transcript of the human heart never developed. To the mere superficial observer, this may seem a paradox. He, good easy man! imagines that there is no *principii incognita* within; he vainly thinks he knows his own heart, when he, perhaps, has never considered maturely what passes there.

Such is our general predilection for whatever is unknown; and, perhaps, few arguments will convince us of the fallacy of such a mode of reasoning, otherwise than by a direct reference to the objects of sense. It might be asked us, If we act in a regular conformity with certain principles heretofore laid down as a rule of action? Do not we frequently vary the mode of action? Does not some new idea destroy the original arrangement, and expose the fallacy of our former chain of reasoning? nay, even, perhaps, a whole group of ideas, uniformly connected with, and dependent on, each other, in a regular train of consequences? Frequently, very frequently, the beholding an object in a new point of view overturns whole systems, eradicating former prejudices, and often establishing new ones; while here "we see but in part, and know but in part."

An

An approximation (and that very remote) to perfection is all we can hope for; and, so long as a system of jarring interests sets the world in motion, the approximation will be proportionally distant from universal knowledge.--- Thus, it being laid down that the knowledge of the human heart is not carried to its *ne plus ultra*, it follows, *à priori*, that there is a probability of approaching still nearer the ideal summit of perfection. That which we shall, in the course of these Papers, adopt, is, by enquiring minutely into the primary and efficient causes or motives which govern our actions, and, by a regular analysis of the passions, emotions, and affections of the mind, in a natural, moral, and philosophical manner, trace a correct outline, of a general standard, to which we may refer in doubtful cases.

If, then, such a standard be not a mere hypothesis, an ideal phantom, or an empty shade, the attainment of it must be attended with the most beneficial consequences. We shall thereby see further into that dark interior which men wish to conceal even from themselves; and, by tracing the passion from the first *iota* of its existence, we shall be enabled to establish a general and conclusive chain of reasoning from thence to its ultimate effect. This, when we can bear to contemplate that mirror which exhibits the spring of all our actions, must be, indeed, valuable; but, in many cases, we have reason to fear its failure for want of application. There is a something so odious in ourselves, that we cannot bear to contemplate it, much more check its dereliction from the laws of reason and equity. It is a darling vice, that stifles the operations of the internal monitor, and hardens the villain in his depredations. In the cooler moments of solitude and reflection, we cannot fail of detesting it; yet it clings round the soul like ivy round the oak, and we vainly think the vice radically implanted in our nature, and forms a part of ourselves. But the ivy springs not from the same root with its supporter; neither is the vice, though so closely attached to the man, any part

part of himself, further than its dominion over, existence or influence in the mind: the soul can exist, independent of any such extraneous appendages; which, therefore, no more belong to it than a disease can be said to belong to the body, which may be repelled, and the frame restored to its pristine state of health.

These are the general principles on which an enquiry on the Passions is intended to be conducted; first laying down a series of axioms or universal truths; and, as far as an enquiry can be conducted on such a basis, the argument will be pursued: where it fails in point of extension, such other principles will be called in to our aid as are generally admitted and approved; and, to avoid the semblance of plagiarism, we beg leave, once for all, to own, that we shall constantly avail ourselves of the labours of Watts, Hutcheson, Graves, Cogan, &c. &c., which may prevent us the trouble of particular acknowledgments: and, to use the language of a late philosopher on another occasion,---" Let every one challenge what he thinks his own;---I challenge nothing for myself." The faults or errors we may commit or advance (for who can be free from them?) must, of course, be placed to our debit; and for all those imperfections we beg the candour, good-nature, and indulgence of our readers; at the same time soliciting their lenity, and condescension to point out errors; for, *humanum est errare.*

WOMEN.

> .....adorn'd
> With what all earth or heaven could bestow
> To make her amiable. MILTON.

MR. EDITOR,

NO period of our English history is more interesting than that which immediately followed the Reformation. The excellency of the Female Character during that

period peculiarly commands our admiration and applause. The greatest attention was paid to the education of the daughters of the nobility and gentry. No frivolous or guilty amusements, no vain or nugatory pursuits, engaged their time. While they were carefully instructed in all the branches of domestic economy, their minds were enriched with the treasures of useful learning. Their improvements in science did not nurture in them the seeds of vanity and pride. They were obedient daughters, virtuous and affectionate wives, tender and indulgent mothers. No apology is made for the following attempt to commemorate the merit of some few of these excellent women*.

Lady Jane Gray was one of the most accomplished of her sex, in her own or any other age. When I read the melancholy narrative of her death, my breast swells with sorrow; the sympathetic tear drops from my eye. But when I contemplate the charming suavity of her temper, the innocence of her life, the spotless purity of her manners, and her various acquirements of literature, I feel the glow of exultation, I experience the genuine sentiments of complacency and delight. One trait of her character was her affection to her tutor Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London. Sensible of the benefits which she derived from his lessons of wisdom, and eagerly desirous to make all possible proficiency, she thought that time lost which was not spent in receiving instruction from her venerable preceptor.

"When I am called from him," said this amiable young woman, "I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and wholly misliking to me. And thus my book has been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles to me."

* The Writer, perhaps, is not aware, that all the Characters which he has here sketched have been given already in our Museum, and more in detail, under the head "Celebrated British Ladies."

About

About the latter time of King Henry VIII., many young ladies of high rank were instructed in polite literature. This may be attributed to the influence of the King's own example, who spared no pains in educating his daughters, as well as his son, in learning. His last Queen, Katharine Parr, was a woman of great erudition and great piety. Margaret, one of the daughters of Sir Thomas More, was truly eminent among her contemporaries. Vesey, Bishop of Exeter, was so much pleased with a Latin oration and some verses composed by her, that he presented her with a Portuguè, as a mark of his esteem. In 1537, died a Citizen's wife in London, Elizabeth Lucar: of her it is related, that she wrote fairly three several hands; that she understood Latin, Spanish, and Italian; writing, speaking, and reading these languages with great readiness; that she sung in divers tongues, and played excellently on different instruments of music; that, besides this, she wrought all needle-work that women use to exercise "*with pen, frame, or stool,*" and was no less skilful with her pencil in drawings of beasts, birds, and flowers; and, to crown all, she was virtuous: and all this she arrived to in her youth, for she died at twenty-seven years of age. Some one, having expressed himself in language of just encomium on her many amiable qualities, observed, "That she was not ignorant of the business of common life; that no one raised a better pie, or mixed a better pudding." B.

To the Editor.

SIR,

IT has often occurred to me, that, through the means of your MUSEUM, some plan might be adopted for the support of unprotected females who have been reared in the lap of every comfort, liberally educated, and from their infancy accustomed to all the endearing affections of

some fond parent, or kind friend; after which, they are by death, or some other dreadful misfortune, thrown upon the world totally unprovided for, and destitute of every means of support. It is a lamentable circumstance and reflection, that there is no one thing in which a gentlewoman can employ herself but what is degrading to the character. ---How different, how widely different, is the situation of the other sex!

A man with a good education can find a thousand honourable employments; but woman, poor hapless woman, how hard is her fate---left to struggle through life without support, or any means to enable her to exist! There are many noble charities in this happy kingdom for poor objects of a different description, who are in every respect deserving our compassion; but what even is their situation compared to that of a delicate female, who has never before experienced any thing but indulgence, ease, and comfort?---She cannot work---she cannot beg---Surely, then, something might be thought of, and some scheme executed, for their honour and comfort, if some of our ladies of rank and fashion would, with that noble generosity of spirit that marks the amiable character of a British female, step forward with their support and countenance to save their defenceless sex from disgrace and misery.

It is a plan not beneath the most dignified of characters---our most gracious QUEEN; and such an example would induce the next in rank to follow most benevolently her gracious example. Suppose some plan in the style of a convent, without its severities or restraints, were to be adopted; would not it save the hapless orphan and disconsolate widow from heart-rending misery, and preserve many valuable characters from falling into the paths of wretchedness? It should be supported by voluntary contributions; and I am well convinced my fair countrywomen would cheerfully lend their aid for such an honourable purpose; whilst the noble-hearted Englishman would rejoice to have it in his power to save so many unprotected females from

from despair and overwhelming grief. Should my well-intended proposition meet the approbation of the public, and more particularly the exalted character I dared to mention, I should think myself supremely happy in the pleasing idea that, perhaps, through this method, I had been the means of adding comfort and respect to the most valuable part of the creation.

THE FEMALES' FRIEND.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

THOUGH we continually complain of the misery of existence, we all naturally feel a strong attachment to life; and, when the moment approaches which is to terminate our afflictions, would even purchase their continuance at the expense of our peace.

This blind partiality to a life of wretchedness cannot be merely the effect of disease and pain, for many persons endowed with vigour of mind and body experience a degree of horror when death is even named. Others there are who arraign the hand of Providence for concealing so important an event from their sight; and ask, why a human being should feel interested in those concernments which the longest life may never see brought to a close?

If these repining complainers were, in justice, to be satisfied, how completely would it embitter every moment of their lives; and faint would be the enjoyment of those gratifications, which were, probably, to terminate in a few short days. If (observes an author* of elegance and refinement) the scenes of distress through which we were to pass were laid open to our view, perpetual sadness would overcloud our existence, and no transient gleams of plea-

* Blair.

sure force a passage through the cloud. Friends would begin their union by lamenting the day which was to dissolve it; and the parent, with weeping anguish, would behold the child he was to lose; and, if the mysterious veil of futurity was once uplifted, it would be the means of terminating earthly peace.

Yet I have often been astonished at an intuitive kind of foreknowledge, which the Scotch, in particular, are allowed to possess; and have lately had an opportunity of observing an instance of a person's having a strong conviction of their approaching fate. Had it occurred to a character biassed by superstition, or possessing a debility of body and mind, I should have imagined that the influence of the one had acted so forcibly upon the other, as to have produced the event that was feared; but the object I allude to was magnanimously collected, and one whose mental faculties were universally acknowledged to be sublime; and the only visible effect which was produced by the prepossession, was the perfect arrangement of all his affairs.

A circumstance somewhat singular to the one which I have related is told by Mr. Wraxall, in his intelligent Memoirs. At the battle of Prague, Prince Charles Lichtenstein, and his brother Philip, fought in the Imperial army under Marshal Brown; the former of whom, having been the whole day on horseback, retired early to his tent, in the hope of obtaining some repose. Scarcely had he fallen asleep, when he was awakened by his brother, who informed him that he had something of moment to impart.

"Do it, then, quickly," replied the Prince; "for I am very drowsy, and much fatigued."

"Charles," said Philip, "I believe you cannot doubt my courage, nor think me capable of being depressed by the prospect of the battle in which I am to engage; but I have had a dejection upon my spirits the whole day, from a conviction that, to-morrow, I shall fall in the field; and could not enjoy one moment of tranquility until I had given

given you some directions respecting my concerns; but, when this is done, my mind will be at ease."

Prince Charles, however, instead of complying with his solicitation, or attending to the instructions which his brother wished to relate, rallied him on what he termed a *weakness;* desired him to return to his quarters, and not interrupt his desire to sleep. The dejected Prince reluctantly took leave, but, in a short time, again returned; and, making a second attempt to call forth his brother's attention, addressed him in the following words:——

"It is in vain, Charles, that you treat me with levity, for my hour is come, and to-morrow I shall fall: I insist upon it, therefore, that you write down my last instructions, which will only take you a few minutes, as I shall make them brief."

The Prince, roused by this appeal to his feelings, committed to paper what his brother wished him to write: he then returned to his own apartments, and was in the field at an early hour on the following morning. The presentiment he felt was but too well founded; for he soon received a shot from a musket ball, and was carried to his tent, and committed to the care of his surgeon, who could not prevent him from returning the moment that the wound was dressed: but his courage was the mean of terminating his existence, for a second ball, in a short period, deprived him of life.

Some few other instances might likewise be brought forward, to prove that the Almighty, for some wise purpose, occasionally gives a foreknowledge of death; but such intimation is too rare and uncommon to give us an idea that it generally could be attended with any good; on the contrary, we may be convinced that the secrets of futurity would embarrass, if not embitter, by being revealed.

I am, Sir, one of those to be envied mortals who in every station endeavours to be

CONTENT.

ANECDOTE.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN the Princess of Hesse d'Harmstadt brought her three daughters to the Empress of Russia, in order that she might chuse one of them as the wife of the Grand Duke, the Empress decided instantly in favour of the second. When her Majesty was asked the reason of this sudden preference, she replied, "I observed the three Princesses from my window, as they descended from their carriage. The eldest made a false step; the second stept down in an easy and natural manner; the third leaped out." Though this was a very singular manner of forming an opinion, it so happened that the first was awkward, and the youngest too forward.

ANECDOTES OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA.

A PRINCESS residing in Petersburgh wrote to the Emperor, conplaining of the rigour of the law which authorizes creditors to sue for payment of debts due to them, and eventually to expose to sale the property of their debtors without reserve. This lady represented to his Majesty that the debts for which she was sued had been contracted by her husband for estates which he purchased much above their value; she therefore requested that his Majesty would make an exception from the law in her favour. She received the following answer, which deserves to be made public:—

"TO THE PRINCESS, &c. &c.

"THE representations that you have submitted to me relating to your husband have excited my compassion. If this declaration contribute to tranquilize you, receive it as a proof that I sincerely feel for your situation, and that I am

am disposed to relieve you from it, could I consistently do it. If I allow myself to break through the laws in this instance, who henceforth will think himself obliged to obey them? *Could I ever place myself above the law, I would not*; for I do not recognise, under Heaven, any just authority except that which is founded on law and justice. On the contrary, I am convinced that its obligations should be stronger on me than any one else, that I should cause them to be observed; and that I must shew myself just where others may allow themselves to be indulgent. You possess too much candour not to allow the equity of these principles, and to agree with me, that it is not only impossible for me to prevent a suit for the payment of the legally acknowledged debts of your husband, but that I cannot even comply with your request, that I should order the engagements he may have contracted to be investigated by a particular commission.

"The law ought to be the same for all; and it is in virtue of that law, which extends to every person, that bills of exchange, mortgages, securities, contracts, and, in general, every engagement signed by debtors, so that their signatures cannot be mistaken, should be regarded as inviolable, and subject to no further examination. Besides, I am sufficiently acquainted with the state of your husband's fortune to hope that, by a better system of management, not only all his debts may be paid by selling a part of his property, but that there will still be a reversion to enable you to live comfortably. This hope of an amelioration of your condition gives me the satisfaction to presume that your fears originate more from your situation being unforeseen, than from its being really distressing; that they will, consequently, go off of themselves; that the law will be preserved in force; that you will acknowledge that I do what is just; and thus that you will continue to assure yourself that, wishing you all happiness,

"I am ever your's most affectionately,

"ALEXANDER."

Count

Count Saltakoy having offered his Majesty, in the name of the nobility of Moscow, a sum of money to be laid out in preparations for the Coronation, his Majesty returned the following answer:

"Count Iwan Petrowitch,

"I AM informed that the nobility of Moscow, animated by your example, design to present me with a sum of money to defray the expense of certain structures (probably triumphal arches) to be erected at Moscow upon the occasion of my coronation. I regard this intention as a proof of an attachment towards my person which highly flatters me; and I return you and the nobility my most grateful acknowledgments; but I think it necessary to inform you, that I consider any collection made for this purpose as superfluous, having already appropriated a sufficient sum to defray the requisite expenses on that occasion. If it should meet with their approbation to join together in forming an establishment of general utility, such as a school, or an hospital for the reception of the poor and sick, I should be happy to share with the nobility in the honour of such an undertaking. As to those edifices which are constructed only for a temporary purpose, and disappear with the circumstance which occasioned their erection, they are not appropriate objects for joint contributions, which may always be employed more effectually, by expending them on objects advantageous to the state. I assure myself, that, being now in possession of my opinion of your design, you will not neglect giving it another direction and object; and that the nobility of Moscow will offer me, as a proof of their attachment and love for me, the present which will be dearest to my heart, and constitute a real embellishment of the solemnity of my coronation.

"I am ever your's most affectionately,

"ALEXANDER."

THE

THE DOG.

[From the French.]

FLORVILLE was going to sup in the Fauxbourg St. Germain; on crossing the bridge ('twas then about nine o'clock), he perceived an elderly man seated on the parapet, his head supported by his hands: on hearing him sob and complain, Florville stopped. He wished to speak to him, but hesitated. The desire of being benevolent is not always sufficient to inspire the means, and it often vanishes in the uncertainty that precedes it---like those luminous exhalations that are without heat, and disappear for ever at the slightest zephyr produced by the agitation of the same air that gave them birth!

Florville, however, approached the old man, and, after a few moments' silence, said to him---

"Excuse me, Sir; but, can I comfort you, or be of service to you?"---

"Ah!" replied the old man, "I am grieved beyond expression: a dying friend left me his dog, and recommended it to my care: I loved it, 'twas so good an animal---'twas my faithful companion---poor *Medor!* Well, I have just destroyed it!---I could support it no longer. I have a wife---a child! I need not tell you they are to be preferred. I offered *Medor* to several people---they all refused him: I then determined to kill him---I have had courage enough to do it; but I shall ever be inconsolable. Oh! Sir, had you seen it when I fastened to its neck the fatal stone!---it looked at me---licked my face and hands, and seemed to say---'I pity thee!---thou art going to deprive thyself of a friend!' Twice I pushed it in, turning my head aside, without resolution enough to throw it over. But I thought of my wife, of my child!---and it fell! I cannot express my feelings when I heard the noise of the water, agitated by its fall! Poor *Medor!* I shall, then, see thee no more!"

Florville,

Florville, finding it out of his power to comfort the old man, attempted at last to divert his mind from that subject: he spoke to him of every thing, except of *Medor*.---

"I will be your friend," said he in grasping his hand: "I wish to embrace your child. I will conduct you home."

The old man appeared too much engaged by sorrow to hear him. At the same moment a dog runs panting towards them---it is *Medor* himself! and in an instant he is on his master's knee, who, like a man awaking from a lethargy, looked at Florville, then at his dog, and could hardly believe it was not a dream. At last he exclaimed,---"'Tis he himself---'tis *Medor!* Speak, how did you get out of the water?" Florville now thought it necessary to become *Medor*'s interpreter, and said to the old man,---

"In the excess of your grief, your hands, shaking with terror, had prevented you from fastening the cord that supported the stone; in the fall it untied, and *Medor* escaped. 'Tis the unravelling of an opera, and often there are some less fortunate."

"Oh! yes," replied the old man, "I did not see; my eyes were dim from tears, and I was terrified at my own courage. Oh! I would not have that dreadful courage again! I will rather sell my clothes."

"Sell nothing," said Florville: "here is *Medor*'s board until provisions are less scarce."

"Receive my thanks," exclaimed the old man; and Florville left him. When he was at the end of the bridge, he looked back, and saw the old man still bowing to him, and caressing his dog.

T. R.

THE RING.

LOVE and Hymen had united Eliza to the most inconstant of men; but Eliza idolized her husband, and his conduct had not lessened her affection for him. Grief consumed

consumed her, and its cause was known. A crowd of admirers attempted to alleviate her sorrows. Among those who sought to attract her attention was Dorset, a young man of a dangerous friendship for tottering virtue, and who appeared to obtain a preference, without, however, succeeding in engaging Eliza's heart. Neither his vows nor his assiduity could lead to the gratification of his wishes. Eliza remained faithful to her inconstant husband. Dorset, without being discouraged, resolved to try every means: interest often triumphs where sentiment is disregarded, and by interest he expected to conquer a heart, till then invincible. One day, as he was alone with Eliza, and speaking to her of his ardent love, he presented to her view a very elegant diamond which he wore. Eliza took particular notice of it; her looks, rather agitated, met Dorset's. She appeared affected, sighed; took his hand, as if to examine the ring: he imagined he felt her press it, and was at the height of joy: he took it softly from his finger, and presented it to her. Eliza seemed to feel a secret satisfaction.

"Accept this trinket," said Dorset, with transport: "it gratifies me the more to offer it you, since it appears to please you; and gives me a fresh opportunity of proving my affection, in sacrificing to you an amiable woman from whom I received it!"

"If that be the case," said Eliza, "I accept it with gratitude, and particularly without reluctance, for it is mine."

"How?"

"Yes, I have long thought it lost. I had mislaid it; but, from what you tell me, I see it has travelled, and I guess where it went."

"I assure you, Madam, that it is from Lady Noble----"

"Precisely---my husband paid some attention to that Lady, who probably received it from him, as she gave it to you; but I must own, that I cannot accept it on the same terms."

Dorset, confounded, withdrew in silence. Eliza, as a prudent woman, received her husband in the evening more tenderly than ever; and, in the night, while he was asleep, she placed the ring on his finger: when he awoke, he felt his wrongs; and, his eyes being opened to a true sense of his errors by the delicacy of his wife's conduct, he restored to her the regard he owed her; and Dorset, seeing that Love and Hymen agreed so well, to increase the domestic happiness of this couple, sought elsewhere women to console.

T. R.

SEVERN VALE;

OR, THE HISTORY OF MATILDA MADEN.

[Continued from p. 24.]

THE PACKET WHICH WAS FOUND IN MRS. MADEN'S ESCRUTOIRE,

And addressed to her Daughter.

"THOUGH I have vainly endeavoured to struggle against misfortune, and have tried to lengthen my existence for my Matilda's sake, I find my constitution yielding to the force of affliction, and feel that a very short period must terminate my fate. I must leave you, my beloved girl, to the care of that Providence who kindly protects the injured and oppressed; and, though my heart trembles at the idea of what you may be destined to encounter, I hope that your fortitude will rise superior to your distress.

"Though you have never heard the name of your father mentioned, yet it becomes necessary that you should know that he still survives; for, though he has hitherto steeled his breast against parental emotions, he may relent when he knows I am no longer alive.

"You have participated, my beloved Matilda, in your unfortunate mother's sorrows, without trying to discover the

the source from whence they flowed; but it is now necessary that you should be made acquainted with my history, that you may know on whose friendship and protection you are in future to depend. Should I be blest with timely notice of my approaching dissolution, I shall certainly send immediately for the amiable Mrs. Dent, who has promised, if you still are neglected by your family, to unite the tenderness of a mother with the affection of a friend; but, as persons in my situation often receive their final summons without hearing the sound of a warning voice, I may, probably, be torn from my Matilda at an unexpected moment, when no friend shall be present to reconcile her to my fate. Should you be reduced, my beloved girl, to so trying a situation, remember that it is the will of the Almighty, whose decrees we must obey; and that, though we are divided for a transitory period, we shall be reunited for ever in realms of endless day. If my valued friend should not be with you at this awful juncture, upon being made acquainted with the circumstance, she will try to mitigate your distress; and I entreat you to be directed by her counsel in the most trifling instance that concerns the future happiness of your life. Had I attended to the advice of those who were able to direct me, and who had discovered the rock which was likely to wreck my future peace, I should have escaped the pangs of self-reproachment, and might have enjoyed a life of tranquility and ease.

"Your grandfather was of a respectable though not a noble family; but he had unfortunately attached a kind of artificial consequence to wealth; and, whatever might be the merits of those who were destitute of that possession, it was absolutely impossible for them to ensure his esteem. Your grandmother's disposition was the reverse of my father's, for her mind was as liberal as her understanding was improved; and, though she could not change the sentiments of her husband, she endeavoured to prevent them from making any impression on my mind. At the age of fifteen I had the misfortune to lose this amiable parent;

and my father's eccentricities were increased by her death; so that, had I not been consoled by the society of the amiable Mrs. Dent, I do not think I could have supported the loss which I sustained.

"As my fortune was large, and I possessed some personal attractions, my father received two or three overtures for my marriage before I was seventeen; but, as he entertained the most ambitious expectations for me, he declined them, under pretence of the juvenility of my age. At length the wished-for alliance presented itself, and the elder son of a nobleman solicited my hand; but, though his person was handsome and his manners were engaging, I felt no sensation towards him warmer than esteem. In vain he endeavoured to inspire me with a more congenial sentiment by the most indubitable marks of tenderness and respect; yet the repeated proofs of his affection frequently disgusted me; and I treated him with a distant kind of civility bordering upon neglect.

"During the time that things were in this situation, I was invited to a ball at a neighbouring gentleman's seat; and there I had the misfortune to see Mr. Maden, who was with a recruiting party at a small distance from the place. His figure was at once elegant and striking, and there was something peculiarly insinuating in his address: I instantly began to draw comparisons between him and my lover, which tended to impress his image the more strongly upon my breast. My anxious monitress, ever watchful of my actions, easily perceived the situation of my mind; yet, as Mr. Maden had been introduced to us by the mistress of the family, she could not prevent him from adhering closely to my side.

"Mr. Rochford (which was the name of my intended husband) appeared hurt by the attention which I paid to the stranger's remarks; but he was too fearful of offending me to express any displeasure at my conduct; yet he seemed delighted when Mrs. Dent prepared to depart. As soon as we were seated in the carriage, I enquired, Whether she did

did not think Mr. Maden very handsome, and that there was something peculiarly infatuating in his address?---but from her I received merely a very cold negative; and the question seemed to give Mr. Rochford the most painful distress.

"As we had changed partners during the evening, Mr. Maden called the next day to make enquiries after my health; and contrived to ingratiate himself so much into my father's good opinion, that he received an invitation to stay and dine. Though his talents for conversation were extremely splendid, yet they had not the power of entertaining my friend, who, in spite of all his attempts to render himself agreeable, treated him with a reserved coldness that bordered upon disdain. To account for this reserve in Mrs. Dent's manner, I must tell you, that Mr. Rochford had informed her that the private character of our new acquaintance was by no means approved; that his principles were irreligious, his temper impetuous, and his patrimonial inheritance greatly impaired. All this I unfortunately ascribed to prejudice, and Rochford was no longer an object of esteem; in short, from the moment I beheld your father, I determined never to become his wife. My amiable monitress discovered my growing partiality, and urged me, in the most persuasive manner, to try and eradicate it from my breast; but even her sagacious arguments lost their accustomed influence; I incautiously precipitated myself into distress; and, finding that she no longer obtained an ascendancy over my actions, she resolved to make my father acquainted with her fears.

"Exasperated at the idea of my acting with duplicity, and at once defeating his wishes and degrading his pride, he insisted upon your father's never presuming to approach his premises; and commanded me to consider myself as Mr. Rochford's future bride. The influence which Mr. Maden had obtained over my affections made me listen to persuasions which reason and duty disapproved; yet the alternative was too dreadful to admit of hesitation; and I

must either marry the man whom I had a dislike to, or the being whom I loved. Gretna Green was fixed upon as the spot which was to unite our destinies, and ensure either the happiness or misery of my life.

" Though I had treated Mrs. Dent with the greatest duplicity, and never gave her the slightest hint of the step which I intended to pursue, yet her affection for me was not in the smallest degree abated; and she was continually endeavouring to suppress my father's rage.

" As ten thousand pounds of my fortune had been bequeathed to me by my grandfather, to be paid on the day of my marriage, or when I came of age, my husband immediately claimed that property, and spent it in retrieving his embarrassed affairs. Though it was many months after my marriage before my father would consent to see me, yet, at length, by the persuasion of my friend, he was induced to relent; and, though he had never treated me with any great portion of tenderness, I felt the liveliest happiness at the thoughts of regaining my lost place in his heart.

" The man in whom I had centered the most romantic hopes of permanent felicity had convinced me that his temper was too violent to make any woman blest; for he was continually giving way to some impetuous storm of passion, or allowing some jealous ideas to take possession of his breast. Although I was absolutely miserable in less than three months after my marriage, I firmly resolved never to complain; and as Mr. Maden, in all company, treated me with a delicate kind of attention, the world was entirely ignorant of my pain. The servants, however, who witnessed his tyranny and oppression, naturally mentioned what they had so frequently seen; and my father, by that mean, became acquainted with my misfortunes, and publicly execrated my husband's name. Though my mother's jointure after his death of course came into my possession, and he could prevent Mr. Maden from touching any part of it by making a will, yet my own deed was sufficient to

to counteract this instrument, and enable him to sell the reversion of what I was to possess.

"Your father's embarrassments soon became so pressing, that he had no chance of extricating himself from his creditors, but by my consigning over these estates; and, as he knew that I could not be threatened into a compliance with his wishes, he placed his hopes of success in his powers to persuade. Instead of the tyrannical being who had opposed all my wishes, he now seemed only anxious to atone for the former errors of his life; and I no longer deplored the imprudence of my conduct, nor lamented the hour that I became a wife.

"It is not necessary for me to repeat the variety of stratagems that were applied to for the purpose of making me consign the estates; suffice it to say, that they but too well succeeded; and that, in one unlucky moment, I gave the finishing stroke to my fate. My father was soon made acquainted with this circumstance; and felt so much enraged at my having counteracted his designs, that he not only forbade me from appearing in his presence, but immediately married a very young wife.

"My own misfortunes I could have endured with fortitude and composure, but I could not bear the idea of having brought misery and poverty upon my child; for, soon after I had made that unfortunate consignment, I discovered that I had injured a being that was unborn, beyond all possible redress. Oh! my Matilda, had I then known my situation, tortures should not have compelled me to relinquish your claim; but, believing that I should never bear the tender name of mother, I was anxious to preserve your father's tottering fame. The property which I had thus so injudiciously surrendered was insufficient to pay your father's numerous debts; but with part of it he purchased a place in the India Company's service, and left me in a pregnant situation, without even the form of taking leave. My beloved Mrs. Dent was now the only source of consolation, and she immediately

mediately insisted upon my residing at her house; and under that asylum, you, my darling Matilda, was presented to your enraptured mother's sight.

"It was in vain that my friend endeavoured to interest the feelings of your grandfather, or rekindle the embers of expiring tenderness in his breast: all that she could obtain was a positive declaration, that, in case of my dying before him, he would receive you under his care.

"Though I preferred my amiable friend's society to that of every other being, yet I found my spirits unequal to the round of company in which she was engaged; and, the sixteenth of a lottery ticket coming up a prize of some importance, I immediately resolved to purchase this place. For some years your father made me no remittance; but my friend heard that he was living in a most expensive style, and wrote to him, threatening to inform the governor of the Bombay establishment of the whole of his conduct to his unfortunate wife. The alarm which he felt at the prospect of having his character exposed, in a place where he had acquired some degree of fame, induced him to consent to make me a remittance of a hundred and fifty pounds a year. You, my beloved girl, will, I trust, receive the continuance of this allowance; and I beg that you will write to apprise him of my death; and, when you reflect upon the misery that I suffered in consequence of my marriage, do not forget, that, as a parent, he is entitled to your respect.

"Your grandfather, my dearest Matilda, will, I flatter myself, acknowledge you, when the being who excited his resentment is no longer able to offend; but, at any rate, I leave you under the protection of a lady who in every situation has been the most faithful of friends. Again, my beloved girl, I implore you to be guided by her directions, and never, in the slightest instance, to act in opposition to her advice; and recollect, that all my misfortunes arose from my presuming to despise the counsel of those who were more experienced and wise.

"When

"When these lines are presented to my adored Matilda, the heart which dictated them will have ceased to beat; yet its last pulsation will be a throb of tenderness; and, with the last breath that issues from my bosom, I shall offer a prayer for her peace."

(To be continued.)

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN.

Dec. 28. A NEW Pantomime, called "HARLEQUIN'S ALMANACK; or, *The Four Seasons*," was exhibited at this Theatre.

In this medley of whim, fancy, extravagance, merriment, and humour, is personated the four Seasons, who meet at the commencement of the piece; and, each throwing a specimen of its favourite produce and colour into the vase of Winter, Harlequin receives his power and being from the charm, and skips about through the usual routine of adventures and hair-breadth escapes which particularly belong to this species of stage entertainment. Blight, the avowed enemy of all the Seasons, endeavours to counteract the views of their favourite: in this line he is often successful; but, as each Season alternately takes care of Harlequin, Blight is, at length, destroyed by Autumn, who introduces Peace, and reconciles all parties.

In the progress of the piece there is a great variety of splendid, charming, and picturesque scenery, imitating chiefly the prospects and effects of the different Seasons. The Palace of Winter, by Whitmore, may be considered a *chef d'œuvre* of perspective deception; and the representation of Winter and Summer, with the snow dissolving, and a view of Greenwich, by the same artist, are of the most excellent description.

The tricks and machinery are extremely well managed: the principal of these are, the change of a piano-forte to a theatre; Harlequin's sword to a violin, and afterwards to a sickle; a sign-post to a table; two chairs to a refreshment of fruit and wine; a quart bottle to a post; a snuff-jar to a giant; a frozen bough to a serpent; a Greenwich long coach to a pair of porter's lodges and gates; a silver race cup to a padlock and a pair of handcuffs; a woolpack to a sailing-boat; Kew Garden wall, with the chalk ships on it, to a fleet at sea; a dove-house to a Cupid's car; a broom to an old witch; and a sociable to a couple of gigs.

The fable of the Pantomime is the invention of Mr. T. Dibdin; who has the merit of some chaste and classic allusions, particularly in the personification of the Blight, an evil spirit, who is constantly crossing the motley hero's love, and occupies the place of the rival Harlequin. His baneful touch, in withering the rose-tree, which is revived, with all its blushing beauty, by Columbine, is a pretty thought, and was admirably executed.

executed. Among the Performers, Mrs. Wybrow and the younger Bologna take the lead. The former displayed a grace and animation, and the latter a promptness and agility, which greatly contributed to the general effect.

We do not recollect any piece of so complicated a nature that has gone off with more *éclat*.

Jan. 15. A Tragedy, called "ALFONSO, KING OF CASTILE," written by Mr. Lewis, author of *The Castle Spectre*, &c., was performed for the first time as follows:

Alfonso, Mr. Murray; Orsino, Mr. Cooke; Cæsario, Mr. H. Johnston; Father Bazil, Mr. Waddy; Henriquez, Mr. Betterton; Melchin, Mr. Whitfield; Ricardo, Mr. Davenport.—Amelrosa, Mrs. H. Johnston; Ottilia, Mrs. Litchfield; Inis, Mrs. Beverley; Estella, Mrs. St. Ledger.

The scene lies in Burgos, the capital of Old Castile, and in the adjoining forests, and the action is supposed to have taken place in the year 1345. Orsino, a Noble Castilian, the chief supporter of Alfonso's throne in the field and in the council, had been immured in prison for ten years before the opening of the scene, upon a charge of treason, which, conscious of his innocence, he did not deign to refute. His wife fled with her only son Cæsario from Court, and expired of a broken heart in solitude, having exacted upon her death-bed from Cæsario a solemn oath of vengeance on the king. The youth then sought the Court, where, unknown as Orsino's son, he distinguished himself by many acts of valour; and among various exploits rescues Amelrosa, Alfonso's only daughter, from a band of ruffian Moors. He plays the hypocrite with uninterrupted success for the purpose of gratifying his revenge; insinuates himself into full possession of the King's confidence, whose son is by his arts declared a rebel, and whose daughter he secretly marries. He is raised to the first rank in the army, corrupts the principal officers, and forms a conspiracy to destroy Alfonso, by springing a mine beneath the royal tower; when he hopes, by the influence he possesses over the military, and the number of his adherents, to place himself on the throne. Orsino, after a close confinement of six years, is however conveyed in safety to the adjoining forest by the interference of Amelrosa. He is supposed dead by the King, his own son, and all Castile, except by the Princess, who is ignorant that he is Cæsario's father. The remorse suffered by Alfonso for Orsino's death, of which he believes himself the cause, at length extorts the secret of his safety from the Princess, and Cæsario is also informed that his father lives. An interview takes place between Orsino and the King, in which, notwithstanding the supplications of the latter, the former rejects all terms of friendship, and refuses to forgive the death of his wife and the loss of his son. Cæsario, fired with hopes of associating his father in his guilt, and making him a chief instrument of his ambition and their joint vengeance, also sees Orsino, and, having discovered himself, urges him to join in the conspiracy. The proposal is rejected with indignation by the loyalty of Orsino, who threatens to acquaint the King with the plot. Cæsario, pressed on the other hand by his fears of Ottilia, who, enamoured of him, has poisoned her husband in order to obtain him in marriage, and is acquainted

quainted with all the circumstances of the conspiracy, determines speedily to execute his treason. Ottilia, having discovered that the Princess is her rival in the affections of Cæsario, succeeds in getting poison administered to her. She next threatens to reveal the conspiracy, unless he marries her; and she is stabbed by his hand, the moment she orders him to be seized by her minions. Before she expires, she delivers a note to Amelrosa, which contains an account of the plot. It is read by Orsino, who succeeds in conveying Alfonso from the royal tower to a place of safety before the explosion takes place. It is, however, believed that the King is destroyed. Cæsario seizes the crown; but Amelrosa dies of the fatal draught administered to her by the arts of Ottilia, and an engagement takes place between the Usurper's troops, and those of Alfonso headed by Orsino. The latter are defeated: Orsino, mortally wounded by his own son, expires, having first prevailed upon the Castilians to return to the obedience due to their rightful sovereign; and Cæsario, torn by the horrors of guilt, stabs himself, and dies upon his father's body.

Such is the outline of the fable, which the author has enriched with some elegant diction; and though, in point of natural incident and effective construction, he has in some instances greatly failed, yet has he produced, with all its faults, a Drama by no means devoid of interest. The language is, upon the whole, classical, and sometimes sublime, and the sentiments generally just; but now and then rather far-fetched and strained. In the character of Ottilia the author has strongly portrayed the conflicting passions of love, jealousy, fury, and revenge. The softer traits of love and filial duty are touched with a delicate and able hand in the part of Amelrosa; and Orsino is a well-conceived portraiture of a man stung with injuries, and disgusted with the world; but possessing, at the same time, sentiments of unabated loyalty, and impressed with the tenderest feelings of human nature.

The Performers all exerted themselves greatly in support of their several parts; and to their ardent efforts the author is in a very material degree indebted. Mr. Cooke, in Orsino (a mixture of the Brutus and the Cato), was very successful. Mr. H. Johnston, in the character of Cæsario, displayed great versatility of powers. Mr. Murray, as Alfonso, was very respectable. The tender feelings of the gentle Amelrosa were finely depicted by Mrs. H. Johnston; and, in contrasting the difference between the death of a virtuous person and a sinner, she touched the sensibility of all who beheld her, and received the approbation which her exertions merited. The character of Ottilia is well suited to the talents of Mrs. Litchfield; and she performed it in a most able manner.

A chorus and requiem, composed by Dr. Busby, were introduced in the fourth act with good effect. The scenery is extremely picturesque and pretty, and the dresses and decorations are superb.

The Tragedy has since been shortened, and otherwise improved, and continues to be performed with applause.

The Prologue was written by W. Rough, Esq., of the Inner Temple, and spoken by Mr. Claremont. The Epilogue, which contained some pleasant allusions, was delivered with much humour by Mrs. H. Johnston, who

who expressed, in a very arch and pointed manner, the conclusion of the last line---

"Good night, sweet Ladies. Gentlemen---Heav'n mend you!"

DRURY LANE.

Jan. 4. A new Ballet by Mr. Byrne was produced between the Play and Farce, called "THE FESTIVAL OF BACCHUS;" which, as it included some tasteful groups, and exhibited to advantage the talents of some very young children, went off with success.

11. Mr. Palmer *attempted* (for so he modestly announced in the bills) the character of *Falstaff*, in *Henry the Fourth*; and performed it in a manner highly creditable to himself and satisfactory to the audience. The Play, in consequence, has been several times repeated.

22. A new Afterpiece, with songs, under the title of "URANIA; or, *The Illumine*," was performed for the first time at this Theatre; the characters as follow:

An Armenian, Mr. Powell; Manfred, Prince of Colona, Mr. C. Kemble; Conrad, Count of Porta, Mr. Holland; Inquisitor, Mr. Maddocks; Carlos, an Innkeeper, Mr. Palmer; Pietro, Manfred's Valet, Mr. Bannister, jun.; Rodrigo, a Gardener, Mr. Suett.---Urania, Princess of Tarentum, Miss de Camp; Jaquelina, Carlos's daughter, Mrs. Bland.

The scene lies at Tarentum. Manfred, a young nobleman of great personal and mental qualifications, having travelled into Germany, had contracted a strong passion for the occult sciences. He believed in the existence of various orders of supernatural beings, good and bad; and, despising the frail daughters of earth, wished to hold communion with the bright inhabitants of the sky. The principality of Tarentum was at this time held by a female of great worth and beauty, who had fallen in love with this whimsical philosopher. She communicates her passion to his father, and a plan is laid to turn his regards from visionary to substantial happiness. Adjoining to the palace of Tarentum there is an inn to which he had come with Conrad, his friend. One of the apartments was reported to be haunted, and this Manfred eagerly chuses, in hopes of being feasted with the appearance of some ghostly visitant. His father accosts him, disguised as an Armenian sorcerer, and promises to lay open the whole invisible world. The walls of this chamber, by the art of the Armenian, suddenly give way, and the fair figure of a female is seen floating on the clouds. Manfred is transported. She descends, tells him that his long labours were at last to meet with their due reward, and that she had been deputed by the celestial choir to be his guardian angel. Several mysterious interviews of this kind having passed between them, he discovers that Urania is neither more nor less than the Princess of Tarentum. His chains were too firmly rivetted for him to be able now to cast them off, and he willingly consents to wear them for life.

Such is the outline of this petite piece; which, on the whole, has considerable merit, was received with almost unanimous applause, and has since been frequently performed.

It is the production of the Hon. Mr. Spencer; and the music is composed by the author's brother and Mr. Kelly. *Cabinet*

BRITISH MUSEUM
28
48
NOV

Morning Dress for Feb. 1802.

Keep Milliner. Pall Mall.

Afternoon Dress for Feb. 1802.

Payne Dress Maker Old Bond Street.

BRITISH MUSEUM
28
48
NOV

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

WALKING DRESSES.

1. A black velvet hat, and feather. The dress plain, with a ruff; and a Spanish cloak of scarlet cloth, trimmed with white fur.

2. A plain dress, with tucks. A hat of purple velvet, trimmed with blue velvet ribands and feather. A short pelise of purple silk, trimmed with black fur and purple ribands. Gloves light tanned.

FULL DRESSES.

3. A head-dress of scarlet velvet, trimmed with swans-down and white wreaths. A dress, plain, with a short dress trimmed with lace, and fastened on the breast with a silver chain:---the same round the arms. A sash of scarlet velvet, laced with silver cord and tassels. White gloves. Pearl bracelets and ear-rings. Scarlet velvet shoes, trimmed with silver.

4. The Moscow cap of blue cloth, trimmed with white fur and feather, and turned up with pink velvet, looped with pearls. The dress open in front, and fastened with rosettes of lace. Shoes pink velvet.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY.

The Grecian style was particularly prevalent. The trains were, in general, of dark velvet, and the head-dresses corresponding to them, decorated with Ostrich feathers.—Gold chains, festoons of puce velvet, spangles, acorns, bows and tassels of gold, and gold fringe, were the prevailing ornaments.

School of Arts.

NO. XXXIX.

Method for the speedy Recovery of the Use of the Foot or Hand that has been violently sprained.

A SPRAIN (which may more properly be called a strain), whether of the foot or hand, is an accident that frequently happens, and, if great, occasions a painful lameness of the part for a while, and hinders the performance of the usual business: therefore, the proposition of a method that may hasten the recovery of the part strained to its natural state, will, doubtless, be acceptable to our Readers.

First: let the part be fomented with vinegar, a little warm, four or five minutes at a time, once in four hours: this will render the circulation of the fluids in the part affected more easy, and either prevent its swelling or promote its subsiding.

Secondly: move the sprained limb in every possible direction, which will contribute much to contracting the over-stretched vessels, and to recover a due circulation of the fluids through them.

Thirdly: let a gentle dry friction with a warm hand be sometimes used to the part affected, which will conduce much to the same ends.

Two hours after every application of the vinegar, let the part affected be just wetted with rectified spirit of wine, and then gently rubbed.

By these means persons have recovered from the effect of a very violent sprain in a few days, when others have been weeks in recovering, where different modes of treatment (such as continually resting the sprained foot, and a disuse of its motion) had been recommended.

The

The Apollonian Wreath.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

YES, Delia, oft the fair one's glance
Can, at first sight, the soul entrance;
Love, in a moment, speeds the dart
That rends with sudden pang the heart.

As swiftly strikes th' unwary breast,
And robs the flutt'ring soul of rest,
As flames, that wing the western breeze
With livid flash, disrobe the trees.

Recall, my Fair, that blissful hour,
When, seated in the "Summer bow'r,"
Thy beauties caught my raptur'd eyes,
And fill'd my soul with fond surprise.

My tumid veins with fev'rish heat
Through all my frame convulsive beat;
My tongue essay'd to tell my pain;
My swimming eyes to gaze,....in vain!

Then say, dear Maid, can'st thou disclose
Why thus, unbidden, tumults rose?
Oh! if the heart such throbbings prove,
Tell me, my Fair,....is that not Love?

'Tis true...the man insensate grown,
With bosom cold as Parian stone,
On thee might turn a listless gaze,
And bask unhurt in Beauty's rays;

Might with a Fair one's tresses play
To loiter out a Summer's day,
Ere yet one sigh disturb his frame,
Or Love one tender moment claim:

But he, within whose gen'rous soul
The passions swell beyond controul,
Feels in his breast a rising storm,
As flits around each beauteous form.

Whether thro' peopled streets he roves,
Or treads wild Fashion's crowded groves,
Still wily Love in ambush hides,
And still his cautious arts derides.

'Tis Love illumes the Fair one's eye,
And heaves her bosom with a sigh;
Dictates the gentle things she speaks,
And paints the blush upon her cheeks.

And, as with raptur'd eye we trace
Each varying, each expressive grace,
A kindred pang we sure must feel
To each emotion they reveal.

Yes!...bursting on our ravish'd sight,
Hope's fairy visions shed delight;
Then wilder fears our bosoms prove:
Tell me, my Fair,...is that not Love?

CYNTHIA.

DAUGHTER of Goodness, Cynthia, confess
What cause is thine to taste the cup of Woe...
Why bleeds thy throbbing bosom with distress?...
Where Love should all her choicest sweets bestow.

The Tears of sorrow dim thy swimming sight;
The blooms of health thy pallid cheeks have fled:
Sunk are thy joys amid the shades of night,
And Melancholy's glooms around thee spread.

Parental

Parental cruelty, with savage joy,
Remorseless, seiz'd that wealth which blest thy life,
Prosperity to blast, content annoy;
To agonize with want, and curse with strife.

Oh, Gold!---accurst!---for thee her heart must bear
The burning pangs which rend its bursting breast;
Where, deep, lies plung'd a dagger of despair,
That hourly robs her soul of peace and rest!

MATILDA.

MATILDA once was charming, young---
Was born a nymph whom all admir'd;
Her fame was spread by every tongue,
And ev'ry heart her hand desir'd.

But she was cruel, scornful, proud,
Nor heeded once her lover's sighs:
Her soul disdain'd the gazing crowd;
Contempt sat scowling o'er her eyes.

Revolving years advanc'd apace,
And hoary age around her spread;
Destruction grasp'd each peerless grace;
Her warm admirers, frowning, fled.

Abandon'd, shunn'd---desponding maid!---
Corroding anguish choak'd her breast:
Repentance brought too late its aid,
And thus she wept and moan'd, distrest:---

"Once, charms I had---but, ah! too sure
"Such fleeting flow'rs would e'er remain,
"I deem'd my pow'r o'er man secure,
"And proudly spurn'd each suing swain.

"With wanton rage has ruthless Time
"Devour'd each youthful grace divine;
"And nymphs that boast their morning prime
"Display those gems that once were mine.

" No more my eyes a radiance shed,
" To pierce, of youth, the glowing heart;
" The rose's blush my cheeks has fled,
" My lips no nectar'd sweets impart.

" The graceful mien, the glancing eye,
" Long lost their fascinating pow'r;
" The dimpling smile, the melting sigh,
" Long pass'd their Summer's golden hour.

" No flatt'ring swain's persuasive tongue
" Implores me now to live his bride:
" Unpity'd---fled by old and young---
" My life's a pang of wounded pride!

Beware, ye nymphs, Matilda's fate,
Nor sport, like her, with tyranny, your charms:
Born to decay, perhaps, too late,
In vain you'll hope a husband in your arms!

A. W.

LOVELY NANCY.

TO MISS ANNE C--P---N, OF SOUTHAMPTON,

LET others speak of noble birth,
Or think in wealth consists all worth;
Alas! my ev'ry wish on earth
Is center'd in my Nancy:
Such beauty in her form I find,
Such virtue decks her lovelier mind,
The pride, the glory of her kind,
Is, sure, my lovely Nancy.

Bright shines the glorious orb of day,
And bright is Luna's silver ray;
A lustre bright the stars display;
But far more bright is Nancy:
Sweet is the gale that gently blows,
And sweet the blushing damask rose,
But sweet, oh! sweeter far than those,
Art thou, my lovely Nancy.

Could

Could I a golden crown obtain,
The glitt'ring toy I would disdain,
Nor pomp, nor wealth, my heart should gain
From thee, my lovely Nancy:
For thee I'd scorn a monarch's state,
And think it far a happier fate
To dwell, in some obscure retreat,
With thee, my lovely Nancy.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE DECEIT AND DUPLICITY OF SOME FRIENDS.

THO' I've scarce seen my twentieth year,
And hardly reach'd my manly prime,
Yet, ftill, I've felt each painful fear;
Yet, still, I've wept the shocks of Time.

I've seen my early friends decay,
And perish in their morning bloom;
Then, sighing, view'd them borne away
To their last, silent, peaceful tomb.

Oft have I felt the pangs of grief---
Ah! pangs that leave a wound behind,
And sought in *Friendship* for relief,
Like balm, to ease my tortur'd mind.

But *Friendship* has not pow'r to heal
The sorrows of a feeling heart:
It smiles, it laughs, at what I feel,
And pains me in the tend'rest part.

Yes!---thou art, surely, but a name---
A charm that lulls the soul to rest---
A short-liv'd vapour, or a flame
That burns in ev'ry artful breast.

Oh! could my Verse but warn the young
To fly the flatt'ry of a *Friend!*---
Whose *friendship* dies upon the tongue,
Nor means it further to extend.

Then

Then I should bless the Fates' decree,
Nor deem my treach'rous friends unkind;
For, feeling as my heart may be,
It led me to express my mind.

Crown Office Row, Temple. J. P. H.

JESSE, THE MANIAC.

HUSH!---my poor brain
Is rack'd with pain!
But do not think I'm crazy:
I'll bind my head
With roses, red,
And sweet wild briers and daisy.

With cold I shake;
My heart will break;
I am forlorn and weary;
Poor Jesse's sad,
But is not mad,
Tho' comfortless and dreary.

There was a day
When I was gay---
But that is gone for ever!
Ah! ne'er awhile
Shall Jesse smile,
No, never! never! never!

I never cry,
Nor often sigh,
But sing some love-lorn ditty:
When strangers pass,
They cry---"Alas!
"Poor maniac!---how I pity!"

When Night's cold dank
Steals o'er yon bank
Where droops the weeping willow,
I rest my head,
For that's my bed---
That's Jesse's only pillow.

Alas!

Alas! I rue
My love, untrue;
I'm left forlorn to languish:
My brain is wild;
Misfortune's child
Is left to bitter anguish.

I form'd a wreath
Of blooming heath
And lovely op'ning roses,
And round did twine
The eglantine
And Summer's brightest posies.

But, hence!---away!
Ye flow'rs so gay----
Ye seem to mock my sorrow:
I'll take the yew;
Its solemn hue
Suits best my frantic horror.

Jan., 1802. JOHANNA.

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN IN PARIS BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

SHE comes, benign enchantress, heav'n-born Peace,
With Mercy beaming in her radiant eye!
She bids the horrid din of battle cease,
And at her glance the savage passions die!
'Tis Nature's festival: let earth rejoice;
Vanquish'd and conquerors pour exulting songs:
In distant regions, with according voice,
Let man the vict'ry bless---its prize to man belongs.

Resistless Freedom, when she nerves the arm,
No vulgar triumph crowns the hero's might;
She, she alone, can spread a moral charm
O'er War's fell deeds, and sanctify the fight!
Oh, Gallia, in this bright, immortal hour,
How proud a trophy binds thy laurell'd brow!
Republic, hail! whose independent pow'r
All Earth contested once, all earth confesses now.

Protecting

Protecting spirits of the glorious dead,
Ah! not in vain the hero's noble toil;
Ah! not in vain the patriot's blood is shed....
That blood shall consecrate his native soil:
Illustrious names, to hist'ry's record dear,
And breath'd when some high impulse fires the bard,
For you shall Virtue pour the glowing tear,
And your remember'd deeds shall still your country guard.

And thou, lov'd Britain! my parental isle,
Secure, encircled by thy subject waves,
Thou land august, where Freedom rear'd her pile,
While Gothic night obscur'd a world of slaves,
Thy Genius, that indignant heard the shock
Of frantic combat (strife unmeet for thee!)
Now views, triumphant, from his sea-girt rock,
Thee unsubdu'd alone; for thou alone wert free!

Oh! happy thy misguided efforts fail'd,
My Country, when with tyrant hosts combin'd!
Oh! hideous Conquest, had thy sword prevail'd,
And crown'd the impious league against mankind:
Thou nurse of great design, of lofty thought,
What homicide, had thy insensate rage
Effac'd the sacred lesson thou hast taught,
And with thy purest blood inscrib'd on Glory's page!

Ah! rather haste to Concord's holy shrine,
Ye rival nations....haste, with joy elate;
Your blending garlands round her altar twine,
And bind the wounds of no immortal hate:
Go, breathe responsive rituals o'er the sod
Where Freedom's martyrs press an early grave;
Go, vow....that never shall their turf be trod
By the polluting step of tyrant or of slave!

And from your shores the abject vices chase,
That low Ambition gen'rous souls disdain;
Corruption, blasting ev'ry moral grace;
Servility, that kneels to bless his chain!
Oh! Liberty, those demons far remove:
Come, Nymph, severely good, sublimely great;
Nor to the 'raptur'd hope of mortals prove
Like those illusive dreams that pass the Iv'ry Gate.

New Age, that rolls o'er man thy dawning year,
Ah! sure, all happy omens hail thy birth;
Sure whiter annals in thy train appear,
And purer glory cheers the gladden'd earth.

Like

Like the young eagle, when his stedfast glance
  Meets the full sunbeam in his upward flight,
So shalt thou with majestic step advance,
  And fix thy dauntless eye on Liberty and Light!

TO A LADY: A SONNET.

IT has ne'er, in the past, been my fortune to view,
  And I cannot behold in the dissolute present,
Nor expect, in the future, to find one like you,
  One so pretty, so witty, polite, and so pleasant:
Without mean distrust, or fantastical fear,
  Nor a prude with suspicion on purity preaching;
With Discretion your guide, amid dangers you steer,
  And display by your practice the proof of good breeding.
    Pursue your design, nor adopt bad example;
    But of merit your own be to others a sample;
Not of fashion the slave, a drest doll, or a slattern,
    That the old not alone shall to worth make pretension,
    The middle-aged think you deserve their attention,
And the young ones shall make you their pride and their pattern.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.—Con-tent.
------II.—Flip-pant.
-- --III.—Mist-ake.

NEW CHARADES.

ADDRESSED TO ELVIRA.

OH! could I persuade but my Fair
  My First to accept and receive,
No more would this bosom despair,
  Or Hope any longer deceive!

Each anxious desire of my heart
  I then with delight should obtain;
Despair from its seat would depart,
  And Edward no longer complain.

My

My Second, I've heard, can inspire
  Both pity and love in the breast,
When it plaintively paints its desire,
  Or courts its lov'd mate to the nest.

When the lover attempts to declare
  The passion which glows in his heart,
He presenteth my Whole to his Fair
  As a symbol of Truth without Art.

CHARADE II.

Addressed to a Lady.

TO you, Louisa, who despise
  The subterfuge of Art,
My First, perhaps, may meet your eyes,
  But never reach your heart;

For it is term'd Delusion's child,
  Though, sometimes, the deceit
Has no connexion with the mind,
  And is a playful cheat.

My Second is a harden'd mass---
  A kind of callous store;
My Whole is a three-bladed grass
  Upon your native shore.

Correspondence, &c.

AT the end of the brief Sketch in our last, to accompany the Portrait of Madame Clairon, by an accident, the following lines of reference were omitted:---

[For a more particular account of this eminent Actress, see Vol. IV., p. 250, 389.]

Of Adeline de Courcy *we entertain, at present, some suspicions that it is not original. But, should we be satisfied in that point, we must, agreeably to an established rule, decline the insertion of it till the whole shall be in our hands.*

The Lines on the Death of a Friend, *from* I——h, *are not poetical enough for the public eye.*

We should be unworthy of all confidence, if any thing could induce us to shew the Letters of one Correspondent to another.——M. *will be satisfied with this Hint.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
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Madame de Genlis.

from an original Painting

by Visit.

Pub. May 1, 1800, by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.